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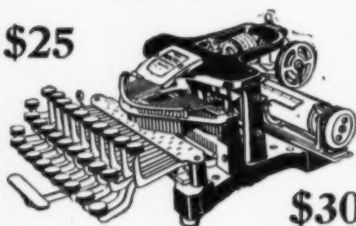
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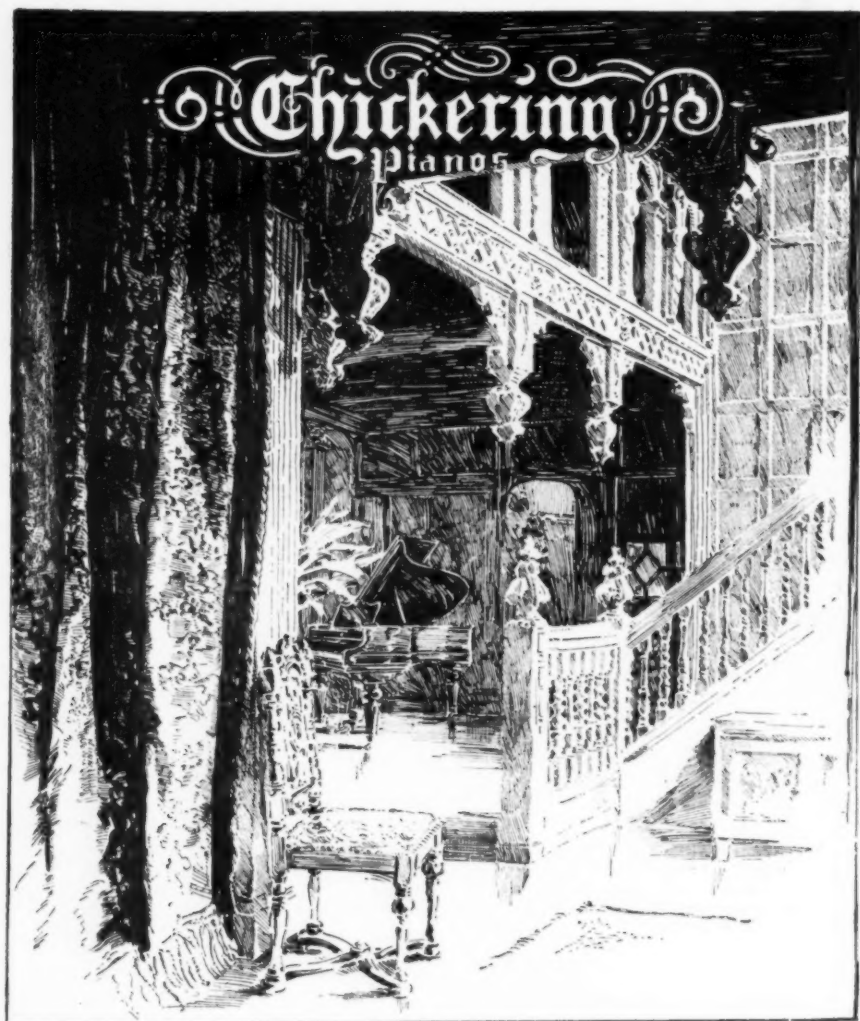
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THE PRIMROSE PATH.

The green fans of the chestnut trees
Are all unfolding one by one.
The breath of April's in the breeze,
The long streets glisten in the sun.

The tasselled lilacs in the square
Are full of nods and whisperings.
While black-boled poplars stir the air
With hints of happy secret things.

The town is all so fair and fine.
The streets they make so brave a
show;
And yet—and yet—Corinna mine,
'Tis now the pale primroses blow.

The woods are calling us to-day
Where grassy hills fall fold on fold:
Come, let us take the primrose way
And gather wealth of faery gold.

Put off your dainty silks and lace
For leathern shoon and homespun
gown;
Come, leave this bustling market-place
To play the truant out of town.

For though in town the sun shines
gay,
You cannot hear the sweet birds
sing:

Come, my Corinna, come away,
And let us go a-primrosing.

Rosamund Marriott Watson.

The Athenaeum.

THE STORM.

What do they hunt to-night, the
hounds of the wind?

I think it is joy they hunt, for joy has
fled from my heart.

I only remember the hours when I sor-
rowed or sinned,

I only remember the hours when I
stood apart

Lonely and tired, in difficult dreams
entranced,

And I forget the days when I loved,
and laughed and danced.

Gray hounds of the wind I hear your
wistful cry,

The cry of unsatisfied hearts hungry
for happiness,

The house is full of whispering ghosts
as you hurry by,

And my soul is heavy and dark with a
great distress,

For heaven is far away, and hope is
dead;

And the night is a tomb of tears, and
despair, and dread.

O hunt no more wild hounds of the
wind and rain,

For my soul is afraid of the sound of
your hastening feet,

And surely under the stars a beautiful
joy is slain?

Fly! black wings of sorrow . . . wet
wings of the night that beat

At the shuttered windows and swiftly
fly away,

Before the Sun-God gathers the golden
flower of Day.

Olive Douglas.

The Academy.

FACTS.

One night poor Jim had not a sou,
Mike had enough for his own bed;
"Take it: I'll walk the streets to-
night,"

Said Mike, "and you lie down in-
stead."

So Mike walked out, but ne'er came
back.

We know not whether he is drowned,
Or used his hands unlawfully;

Is sick, or in some prison bound.

Now Jim was dying fast, and he
Took to the workhouse his old bones;
To earn some water, bread and sleep,
They made that dying man break
stones.

He swooned upon his heavy task;
They carried him to a black coach,
And tearless strangers took him out—
A corpse! at the infirmary porch.

Since Jesus came with mercy and
love,

'Tis nineteen hundred years and five:
They made that dying man break
stones,

In faith that Christ is still alive.

William H. Davies.

HENRY FIELDING AND HIS WRITINGS.

Some years ago the late Dr. Traill, in one of his witty dialogues written after Lucian's manner, represented Samuel Richardson as inflamed with jealousy because posterity had raised a statue to Henry Fielding and left him without one. Whereupon Fielding offered the satirical consolation that in one particular at least they had been treated impartially—for that posterity did not read the works of either of them.

This statement, whatever we may think of its probability, is scarcely susceptible of proof. Publishers occasionally assure us that such and such an author is "the favorite reading" of such and such a great personage; the novels of Gaboriau, for instance, have been described as "the favorite reading of Prince Bismarck." The Waverley novels accompanied Napoleon on his campaigns, and Charles II. took especial delight in *Hudibras*. I have not discovered that any person of note has admitted the works of Henry Fielding to the first place in his regard—Horace Walpole actually says he found them stupid and vulgar—but I do know that a British admiral who came home from his last cruise about 1850 always made *Tom Jones* a part of his sea library. These attested facts do not, of course, materially help us to gauge the taste of "the great variety of readers." But as the majority of them are usually credited with a good appetite for fiction, it would certainly be strange if Henry Fielding, whom Sir Walter deemed the father of the English novel, were, in the multitude of his descendants, left stranded high and dry; if *Tom Jones*, "that exquisite picture of human manners," as Gibbon called it, so far from outliving "the Palace of the Escorial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria," were to pass, along with the hobby-

horse, to the land where all things are forgotten.

Whether that *History of a Foundling* would continue to exist if nobody read it, let metaphysicians decide. Dr. Traill's statement, sweeping as it is, must not be taken literally. Fielding still has readers, still has admirers. But Dr. Traill, who was an excellent judge of such matters, clearly thought that their number was not very extensive, and I venture to believe that he was right. If that were not the case, if I supposed that all the readers of this *Review* knew as much of Henry Fielding and his works as they desire to know, I would hold my hand; but it is because I surmise the contrary that I have dared to string together some random thoughts about the man and his writings, now that the bi-centenary of his birth approaches. Even so might a Lilliputian who had made a study of Gulliver during many nights and days discourse of the Man-Mountain to other Lilliputians, whose avocations had debarred them from so close a scrutiny. For, whatever else we may think of Fielding, he is admittedly among the Titans; and as to the comparative neglect which has overtaken him, it may be partially explained by the fairly common feeling that the first half of the eighteenth century, of which he wrote, is an especially ignoble period in our annals. Yet it may be of service to cast a backward glance at that noisy, robustious age, when our rude forefathers were (it appears) so very different from their polite descendants.

There is little doubt that the most striking instance of that contrast in manners is to be found in the person of Squire Western, Tory, fox-hunter, and preserver of the game. Bred at the University, he talked the broad dia-

lect of Somersetshire, cursed and swore and used foul language in the presence of his womenkind on any provocation, was a cruel tyrant to his daughter Sophia (whom at the same time he idolized) and got drunk every day of his life. What is worse, he constantly vilified his late wife, an unhappy and inoffensive lady, in Sophia's hearing; to no purpose, be it said, for Sophia loved and revered her mother's memory, and could never be brought to assent to his abuse. In this one particular he was, we may hope, rather worse than his neighbors, but in his other characteristics Fielding would have us take him for an average specimen of his class. Thus the language with which he "bespattered" Jones on one occasion is described as of that kind "which passes between country gentlemen who embrace opposite sides of the question," and included a certain invitation "which is generally introduced into all controversies that arise among the lower orders of the English gentry at horse-races, cock-matches, and other public places."¹ Well might Anthony Trollope exclaim, in describing a country gentleman of the mid-nineteenth century, that if Western was a true representative of the race of squires, that race had made marvellous progress in improvement in a hundred years.² At the same time, he would be a bold man who would take upon himself to assert that there cannot be found to-day in that position any man as violent, as brutal, and as drunken as Western; but the difference is, that such a man is now exceptional. He is frowned upon by his class, probably reduced to a minority of one, and forced to fall back on the company of inferiors, who drink with him and are his toadies, but laugh at him behind his back. Western, on the other hand, set the tone in his country. Yet we must

not forget that his neighbor, Mr. Allworthy, was in every respect his exact opposite. Allworthy, however, filled his house (as did Ralph Allen, his original) with educated men, so as to be independent of the society of his fellow-squires—I had almost said, in Allworthy's case, with educated scoundrels.

But that "if" of Trollope's, though it may not have "much virtue," has at least much suggestiveness. As to Western, Fielding is borne out by the evidence of his great contemporary, John Wesley, who tells how at Newcastle he "met a gentleman in the streets cursing and swearing in so dreadful a manner that I could not but stop him." Wesley managed to appease the gentleman, who said he would come and hear him preach, "only he was afraid I should say something against fighting of cocks."³ At Bradford-on-Avon, too, which is on the border of Squire Western's county, Wesley's discourse was interrupted "especially by one, called a gentleman, who had filled his pockets with rotten eggs; but a young man coming unawares clapped his hands on each side, and smashed them all at once. In an instant," the entry concludes with pardonable humor, "he was perfumed all over, though it was so sweet as balsam."⁴ Western's truth to nature, then, I do not think that we need question; but the doubt which lurked in Trollope's mind crops up unbidden in other connections, as one turns the pages of *Tom Jones* or of *Amelia*. Is there indeed (or was there then) such a preponderance in the mass of mankind of meanness over generosity, of hypocrisy over candor, of callousness over humanity? Were women in general so careless of their honor, and men in general so ready to betray it? Were the manners and customs of eighteenth-century England really so corrupted?

¹ "Tom Jones," Book II., ch. ix.

² "Barchester Towers," ch. xxii.

³ Wesley's "Journal," January, 1743.

⁴ Wesley's "Journal," September 19th, 1769.

In a word, has Henry Fielding drawn his picture with impartiality, or are we to allow for any bias due to the bent of his mind, to the sort of life he had led, or to that excessive employment of contrast which perhaps no imaginative writer, however great, has been able wholly to avoid?

One who promises to be an avid reader, and upon whose eyes the wide and noble prospect of English literature has just begun to dawn, said lately in my hearing that he did not want to know anything about the lives or characters of authors, for such knowledge would tend to destroy the illusion created by their works. There is something to be said for this view—if we are satisfied to rest in an illusion. But if we would see further into the matter, if we would be assured how far the illusion is just, we cannot afford to remain ignorant of the circumstances and temperament of its creator. No man or writer can be wholly impersonal. Shakespeare gets very near it; he, of all writers, seems most aloof from any bias due to disposition or surroundings; his detachment is Olympian. Yet even in his works the voice of intimate personal experience is occasionally heard. Were it otherwise, we should hardly think him human. But such aloofness as his is extremely rare. We do not find it, for instance, in Burns or Shelley, in Thackeray or Sterne. And hence it is that two or more writers will survey the features of their age, and will portray them very variously. They look at them through different glasses. Three eighteenth-century novelists, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith—a realist, a sentimentalist, and an idealist, if a rough classification may be hazarded—have recorded their impressions of their times, which impressions, as every one is aware, are various and individual. Fielding was a more exact observer than the other two, and their superior in talent; but even in his case

it does not do to overlook (if I may borrow an astronomical phrase) the personal equation.

Let us recall for a moment the circumstances of his early manhood. Macaulay, in a famous and justly admired passage,⁵ has drawn a brilliant picture of the denizens of Grub Street in the first half of the eighteenth century, when Samuel Johnson joined their ranks; how they were "sometimes blazing in gold-laced hats and waistcoats; sometimes lying in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or wearing paper cravats because their linen was in pawn; sometimes drinking champagne and tokay with Betty Careless; sometimes standing at the window of an eating-house in Porridge Island, to snuff up the scent of what they could not afford to taste," with much more to the same effect, which is too well known to need repetition. This was the company in which Fielding found himself thrown at the age of twenty. Practically without resources except those afforded by a good education, good health, and abundant animal spirits, he had, as he said afterwards, to choose between turning hackney writer or hackney coachman.⁶ The choice was soon made. He determined to follow in the footsteps of Dryden, and to challenge fortune as a writer for the stage. He met with a fair measure of success at once, and managed to rub along in this fashion for a dozen years. His plays served their purpose, and he was probably quite aware that they had, for the most part, only an ephemeral value. He saw a great deal of the seamy side of life, so much of it, indeed, that he inclined to take a poor opinion of humanity. He rubbed shoulders with those noisy comrades described by Lord Macaulay, perhaps with Savage, for in-

⁵ Essay on Crocker's Edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson."

⁶ Letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to the Countess of Bute, June 23rd, 1754.

stance, whose act of bloodshed in an unlucky broil may have suggested the similar misfortune which befell Tom Jones. But we need not suppose he had no better society, though Boswell says he never kept any polite company in his life. His friendship with Lyttleton, for instance, which began at Eton lasted till the end, and his family connections must socially have stood him in some stead. In the main, however, we may suppose that the majority of his intimates—and he was the most sociable of men—were occupied with much the same pursuits as himself. Their moral standard, even after making allowances for Macaulay's rhetoric, was not a high one, and Fielding nowhere pretends to have been any better than his fellows. It is hardly too much to suppose that the confession to Minos of the narrator of *A Journey from this World to the Next* is Fielding's own. The narrator admits that he had been far from strait-laced in his youth, "but had never done an injury to any man living, nor avoided an opportunity of doing good."⁷ There is also an explicit statement in *Amelia* which puts the matter beyond a doubt.

It is generally agreed that we may look for autobiographical touches in the persons of Tom Jones, Captain Booth, Horatio, and Mr. Wilson. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Fielding's second cousin, bluntly identifies him with Booth. "I wonder," she adds, referring to Jones and Booth, "he does not perceive them to be sorry scoundrels."⁸ To this description of these gentlemen I must return a little later. As to the identification, it is to be accepted with the reserve that while in the general outline of character Booth may stand for a likeness of Henry Fielding, it is unfair and unnecessary to suppose that

in any particular actions of his hero he has registered or pilloried his own. In Fielding's picture of Horatio there is, it seems to me, a touch which it is very important to remark. Horatio "had wit and humor, with an inclination to satire which he indulged rather too much."⁹ This is an exact description of one aspect of our author's genius. The wit and humor will be acknowledged at once by any one who has made acquaintance with Parson Adams or with Partridge, figures in the very front rank of humorous portrayal. The inclination to satire is only less apparent than the wit and humor. It is explicitly the driving-power of *Jonathan Wild* and *Joseph Andrews*, implicitly of *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*. And Horatio indulged it rather too much. That is a statement of considerable moment.

The would-be satirist looks round upon the society which he knows, and sees it full of imperfections. These, in the interests of virtue, he makes it his business to expose. His task is not a pleasant one, any more than the scavenger's, but insensibly he grows to like it. His gaze is fixed so constantly upon the blemishes and blots of humanity that he is in danger of becoming unable to see anything else. *He indulges his inclination to satire rather too much.*

This propensity Fielding did not altogether escape. The social conditions amid which he lived while connected with the theatre are reflected and intensified in his plays, and their operation is not limited to the purlieus of Covent Garden, but extended, not always fairly, to other strata of society. He has eyes, at this period of his career, for imperfections only. Virtue, enshrined in her remote fane, is for the time forgotten. Satire, unchecked by her frown, runs into exaggeration and degenerates into indecency. The very stones of Grub Street cry out against

⁷ "A Journey from this World to the Next," ch. vii.

⁸ Letter to the Countess of Bute, above quoted.

⁹ "Joseph Andrews," Book II., ch. iv.

him. The journal named after that delectable alley falls foul of the license of some of his early plays, and avers that they "met with the universal detestation of the town." A case of Satan rebuking sin, perhaps, but that does not make sin any whiter. "The great" and "the polite," however, accept the dedications of his comedies—Sir Robert Walpole himself, Lord Chesterfield, and a brace of dukes. One, *Love in Several Masques*, he inscribes to Lady Mary; it is comparatively inoffensive, but the bare fact that she saw it played twice reminds us of the change that has since then taken place in the standard of propriety. Meanwhile the dramatist lives from hand to mouth, but being young and strong, finds his lot quite tolerable. In a copy of verses addressed to Walpole he petitions for any sort of post under Government, and laments the presence of duns and the absence of dinner; but seems only half in earnest. No doubt the lines were penned in one of his impecunious seasons. Again we are reminded of Macaulay. "They knew luxury; they knew beggary; but they never knew comfort." Most true, and—thus far—most applicable. But Fielding differed in one respect, and that the most important, from his fellow-scribblers. "These men," the indictment proceeds, "were irreclaimable." And that emphatically he was not. He extricated himself, before it was too late, from the quagmire which engulfed so many. His great works were all, as yet, unwritten; but if we find in them at times an unnecessary bitterness, a low estimate of human motives too widely diffused, and a degree of coarseness which might have been avoided; if the stage is so crowded with unworthy characters that we are tempted to recall the disproportionate bread and sack in Falstaff's tavern bill—we may refer these blemishes to those early days when a disposition naturally prone to cynicism found in

the men and women around it so little to admire and so much to despise. What wonder if a young man, thrown into such a vortex at a most impressionable age, was in some degree infected with the sordid views and loose opinions of those among whom he moved? The infection, in his case, never wholly disappeared; but if I am right in thinking that the holding of these views and opinions detracts something from the value of Fielding's picture of contemporary character, that does not unmake the picture as a whole; it only means that a great artist has fallen short of perfection. The fare provided, as the first chapter of *Tom Jones* assures us, is no other than *Human Nature*; but Thackeray himself admits, with decent reluctance, that the cloth might have been cleaner.¹⁰ "Seeing life" is one thing; "to see life steadily and see it whole" is another. Fielding has, it seems to me, just missed the latter qualification, which Matthew Arnold claimed for Sophocles, and which we may claim for Shakespeare; but he has seen certain aspects of life, and makes his readers see them, as clearly as any other writer of fiction since the world began. And about the condition of the cloth I have only one thing more to say, and that is, that the host himself was quite unaware of it. We may attribute this fact to an obliquity in his own vision, or to the temper of his age, or to a combination of both. But fact it is. It did not strike him that his novels might not suitably be put in everybody's hands. On the contrary, he looks forward to the time when "some tender maid, whose grandmother is yet unborn" should be numbered amongst their readers.¹¹

That imaginary damsel would, at any rate, meet with two characters of her

¹⁰ Lectures on the English Humorists.

¹¹ "Tom Jones," Book XIII., ch. i. This is the passage in which he tells us who it was that sat as model for Sophia.

own sex from whom she could get no harm; I refer to Sophia Western and Amelia Booth. The creator of these heroines has certainly pushed contrast to the furthest limit, but for so amiable a reason that he is readily forgiven. They are both portraits of his wife. Sophia and Amelia represent Miss Charlotte Cradock before and after she became Mrs. Henry Fielding. Their noble qualities are heightened by the conspicuous defects of those with whom they come in contact. In *Tom Jones* there is besides the heroine one other female character who is endurable; in *Amelia* there is hardly that. Is there not something almost artless in this method of enhancing praise? Artless or not, it is in the highest degree effective. From such women as Miss Bridget Allworthy, Mrs. Waters, Lady Bellaston, and Mrs. Ellison (the list could easily be doubled) the reader, disgusted and sometimes sickened, turns with intense relief to the society of Sophia and Amelia. In them he knows that he will find nothing to shock his moral sense or to offend his taste, though it may for a moment surprise him that Amelia should base her idea of Heaven upon Vauxhall Gardens.¹² Sophia Western is a perfect picture of the English gentlewoman. She is high-spirited, yet kind and courteous to all; faultless in temper and in breeding; has a perfect appreciation of what is due to others and of what is due to herself. To a tender heart she adds a cultivated mind, and the beauty of her person is an index of the soul that lodges there. To her the words of Steele might well apply, that "to love her is a liberal education." (I am afraid this is almost dithyrambic, but I am one of those in whom Fielding's prophecy¹³ is amply fulfilled, for I am greatly in love with his heroine.) What male reader is there whose blood does not boil at the

persecutions to which Sophia is subjected, to force her to accept the odious Bliffl as a husband? Who but would cheerfully assault her brutal father, at the risk of bodily harm or legal penalty, when he flings his daughter from him with such violence upon the polished floor that the blood flows from her mouth? Oh, Sophia, Sophia, thou art almost too ready to forgive; it is indeed thine only fault, as it is Amelia's also; too ready to overlook the Squire's cruelty; too ready to forgive the infidelities of Mr. Jones—who is, to say the truth, not fit to tie thy shoe-string!

Sophia's attitude to her father (to resume a less impassioned strain) marks, as much as any other circumstance, the period of the story. In Fielding's day daughters did not criticise their parents. Sophia never wavers in her love and reverence, in spite of all that Western does, and says, and is. She does not even ask herself, it appears, whether he might not employ his time more profitably than in getting drunk every afternoon. She will not marry a man whom she hates, but short of that she will obey her father in all things; will submit to his abuse and his punishments, without a murmur or an inward question. Such a situation is no longer possible. Nowadays a daughter might conceivably love such a father, but could not revere him. She might try to reclaim him—a course which Sophia would have deemed undutiful; or she might leave him for good; or she might stay, and by acquiescence in his proceedings herself, perhaps, deteriorate. But in the eighteenth century the paths of men and women, which in the twentieth converge and intermingle at so many points, were rigidly distinct. Drunkenness did not beseeem a lady, but it was so common, in a gentleman of the old school, as scarcely to arouse her censure or surprise. Hence Sophia regarded

¹² "Amelia," Book IX., ch. ix.

¹³ "Tom Jones," Book III., ch. x.

this habit in her father, with its attendant failings, as part of the natural order. She was as content with him as he with her. A better spirit was already abroad among the younger men. Tom Jones is usually temperate in his pretensions; so is Nightingale, so is Booth. They do not wilfully appear before ladies under the influence of drink.

Such, then, was Sophia Western. And if her advent is so welcome a relief to readers of *Tom Jones*, how much more welcome must that of her original have been to Henry Fielding, weary of the dissolute society among which he moved! He had known and admired Miss Charlotte Cradock, a country girl from Wiltshire, some years before he married her. His marriage was the turning-point in his career. All his great work is subsequent to it. *Joseph Andrews* and *Jonathan Wild* appeared in his wife's lifetime, *Tom Jones* and *Amelia* after he had lost her. The classical quotations prefixed to *Amelia* (the last of his novels) are retrospective in their bearing, and surely sum up his own experience:—"Happy and thrice happy they who are united by unbroken bonds"; "A man can get nothing better than a good wife, and nothing worse than a bad one." A closing reflection in *Tom Jones* is of the same purport. "Thus, reader, we have at length brought our history to a conclusion; in which, to our great pleasure, though contrary perhaps to thy expectation, Mr. Jones appears to be the happiest of all human kind; for what happiness this world affords equal to the possession of such a woman as Sophia, I sincerely own I have never yet discovered." For eight years this happiness was Fielding's. There are touching references to his wife in the preface to the *Miscellanies*, published shortly before her death. He speaks there of "the dangerous illness of one from whom I draw all the solid comfort of my life." Later on he writes: "The extreme dan-

ger of life into which a Person very dear to me was reduced rendered me incapable of executing my task." And once more: "I was last winter laid up with the gout, with a favorite child dying in one bed, and my wife in a condition very little better on another, attended with other circumstances which served as very proper decorations for such a scene." But her loss could not rob him of his happiest memories; and he looked forward to reunion in another life. "This is a hope," he writes, "which no reasoning shall ever argue me out of, nor can any man show me its absolute impossibility till he can demonstrate that it is not in the power of the Almighty to bestow it on me."¹⁴ That in this life he did not forget her, there is ample evidence in the pages of *Tom Jones* and of *Amelia*.

It is pleasanter to dwell on what is good and admirable than on the reverse of those qualities, but that must not blind us to the fact that the less worthy characters in the novels are drawn to admiration, and that many of them are more often a source of wholesome laughter than of repulsion. So it is, to name but two examples, with Squire Western and with Mrs. Slipslop. Lady Booby's waiting-gentlewoman, who maltreats the King's English so delightfully. "Do you intend to result my passion?" she asks the unhappy Joseph Andrews. "Is it not enough, ungrateful as you are, to make no return to all the favors I have done you, but you must treat me with ironing? Barbarous monster! How have I deserved that my passion should be resulted and treated with ironing?" "Madame," answers Joseph, "I don't understand your hard words."¹⁵ And no wonder. Think, too, of the amount of diversion forthcoming when we are on the road with Parson Adams and Joseph, or with Jones and Partridge. There is no man-

¹⁴ "A Remedy for Affliction."

¹⁵ "Joseph Andrews," Book I., ch. 6.

ner of question about Fielding's humor, whatever we may think of his moral. And with that I must come to those two very faulty heroes, Tom Jones and Captain Booth, on whom Lady Mary passed such summary condemnation.

It seems hard measure to describe as sorry scoundrels men who, however deeply they offended, were capable of repentance and of amending their ways. Of the two Booth has the better moral character, for when he repents it is in dust and ashes. Newgate, whither he had been committed for siding with the weaker party in a street disturbance, is the scene of his downfall. It was one of the infamies of the age that prisons were forcing-houses for all kinds of wickedness. Fielding's description of the horrors of Newgate may have helped to arouse the public conscience. Ten years after the appearance of *Amelia* John Wesley records that the Bristol Newgate had been entirely cleansed; that fighting, cheating, drinking, and vice had all been swept away.¹⁶ In the uncleansed London Newgate vice thrived in the tainted soil and was fostered by the venality of the keeper. Booth succumbs to temptation, but his repentance is sincere and effectual. Released from Newgate, he returns to his proper allegiance, which he does not afterwards forsake. He has, unhappily, the love of gambling in his blood, and by its indulgence comes near to ruining his family and himself; but this failing, too, he conquers. He is distinctly a good-hearted man, although a weak one; not too weak, moreover, to pull himself up in time. We may part with him in the author's own words, with which the novel closes: "Amelia declared to me, the other day, that she did not remember to have seen her husband out of humor these ten years; and upon my insinuating to her that he had the best of wives, she answered, with a smile, that she ought to

be so, for that he had made her the happiest of women."

With Jones it is less easy to deal fairly. While he is in many respects a more amiable character than Booth, he is a far worse offender. He is brave, generous, affectionate, hates meanness and hypocrisy, and is "nobody's enemy but his own."¹⁷ For these characteristics the reader is disposed to love him, and for their sake to pardon (while regretting) his early irregularities. Our sympathies are won by the Spartan fortitude with which he endures the severe corrections of the Rev. Mr. Thwackum, his tutor, sooner than betray his accomplice in a boyish escapade; and by his generosity to the family of his friend Black George, the gamekeeper, to supply whose needs he sells the "little horse" which Mr. Allworthy had given him. We think of him as a fine, manly young fellow, who will soon outgrow his follies. We are angry with him for his behavior at Upton—angry, and astonished that he can think of any other woman when sworn to love Sophia only. It is not what we expected of him, but we do not give up hope. But the crowning offence is too much for us. After his cold-blooded and mercenary intrigue with Lady Belaston we wash our hands of him. How can any self-respecting reader tolerate one "who sold himself" (as Colonel Newcome put it) while professing himself to be Sophia's, and Sophia's only? True, his last shilling was gone; but anything was better than this. He was young and strong; he had better have bought a porter's knot, as the bookseller advised Johnson to do, and labored for his living. That would have been a safer way to Sophia's heart. The only means of regaining our lost liking is to discredit the episode altogether. I am going to be greatly audacious. For once, I humbly but seriously think, Fielding's psychology is at

¹⁶ Wesley's "Journal," January 2nd, 1761.

¹⁷ "Tom Jones," Book IV., ch. v.

fault. I do not believe that a man with the undoubted good qualities which Jones possessed would have stooped to such an infamy—the lowest, or almost the lowest, degradation to which any man could descend.

If the reader cannot see this matter as I do, I hope he may find some explanation that can satisfy him. We may, at any rate, agree that Jones was not fortunate in his upbringing. True, he enjoyed the protecting care of Mr. Allworthy; but the good man (as Fielding loves to call him) was mistaken, as the sequel showed, in the character of those whom he appointed to instruct his adopted son. Thwackum, who was a great upholder of religious observance, "too much neglected virtue"; Square, who insisted perpetually upon the natural beauty of virtue, "too much neglected religion." "In one point only they agreed," says the author, "in all their discourses on morality never to mention the word goodness."¹⁸ Thwackum was a bully, and Square a time-server. It is not surprising that the pupil grew up with some confusion in his principles. Things might have turned out differently, had Parson Adams been his tutor.

Of all Fielding's male characters, Mr. Abraham Adams seems to me at once the most lovable and the most diverting, though in the latter quality some may give the preference to Partridge. He is also, in all probability, the most widely known, and there cannot be two opinions as to the supreme excellence with which he is drawn. To talk about him is almost presumptuous; yet how can one write of Fielding and not mention Adams? Besides, I have dwelt so much upon the darker side of the picture that it is time to come out into the sunshine. The character of Parson Adams, then, who was, like the poet Gay (according to Pope's testimony)

In wit, a man; simplicity, a child,

would appear to have been devised in the happiest and gayest hour of Fielding's genius. He is compounded of good sense and good humor, is learned yet credulous, goes about the world thinking every one as honest and good-natured as himself, has the courage of a lion and the tenderness of a woman, with a dash of harmless vanity which there is no resisting. Does the reader recollect Mr. Wilson's tirade against vanity, and how the parson received it? "Adams now began to fumble in his pockets, and soon cried out, 'Oh, la! I have it not about me.' Upon this the gentleman, asked him what he was searching for. He said he searched after a sermon, which he thought his masterpiece, against vanity, 'Fie upon it, fie upon it,' cries he, 'why do I ever leave that sermon out of my pocket? I wish it was within five miles; I would willingly fetch it, to read it to you. . . . I am confident you would admire it; indeed, I have never been a greater enemy to any passion than that silly one of vanity!'"¹⁹ Yet of all the passions he was a notable opponent, and their conquest may have formed the matter of those nine volumes of sermons to sell which he set out to London, but which he had unluckily forgotten to put in his saddle-bags. There could hardly be a more delightful picture of inconsistency than the scene in which he harangues Joseph at great length on the sin of indulging overmuch the passion of love. "No Christian," he concludes, "ought so to set his heart on any person or thing in this world, but that whenever it shall be required, or taken from him in any manner by divine Providence, he may be able peaceably, quietly, and contentedly to resign it." "At which words," the narrative proceeds, "one came hastily in and acquainted Mr. Adams that his youngest

¹⁸ "Tom Jones," Book III., ch. iv.

¹⁹ "Joseph Andrews," Book III., ch. III.

son was drowned. He stood silent a moment, and soon began to stamp about the room and deplore his loss with the bitterest agony. Joseph, who was overwhelmed with concern likewise, recovered himself sufficiently to attempt to comfort the parson; in which attempt he used many arguments that he had at several times remembered out of his own discourses, both in private and public, but he was not at leisure now to hearken to his advice. 'Child, child,' said he, 'do not go about impossibilities. Had it been any other of my children, I could have borne it with patience; but my little prattler, the darling and comfort of my old age——' and so he goes on lamenting, we respectfully sharing his grief, when on a sudden little Johnny appears, "not dead, but very wet" (like the character in *The Stranger*) and lamentation is exchanged for all the extravagances of joy. But the best is yet to come. "When these tumults were over," we read, "the parson, taking Joseph aside, proceeded thus—'No, Joseph, do not give too much way to thy passions, if thou dost expect happiness.'" This was more than Joseph, for all his patience, could endure, and he turned upon his admonisher. The ensuing dialogue, together with the intervention of good Mrs. Adams, is too long to quote, but every word of it is admirable. The episode, from beginning to end, touches the high-water mark of pure comedy.²⁰

The full and even flow of Fielding's narratives has won much admiration. Equally to be admired is the naturalness of his conversations. They are always spontaneous and appropriate, packed with ready rejoinders, and casting flashes of light upon contrasted characters. Fielding's practice as a writer of plays no doubt helped to give him a facility in this direction, which, however, was mainly the outcome of his own disposition. "Confer-

ence maketh a ready man," and he loved to confer with persons of all classes. He did not think, with Parson Adams, that all knowledge is contained in books. On his voyage to Lisbon, when his fellow-travellers were prostrate below, and the sailors wholly occupied with their duties, the absence of all conversation could not have befallen, he tells us, one who disliked it more than he did. Talk was the food his social disposition craved,²¹ and his love of it made it easy for him to imagine conversations when he came to write. It is in the course of conversation, as much as in action, that character (in novels) is discerned; and it was in the delineation and development of character, we may fancy, that Fielding, as a writer, took the keenest pleasure.

Be that as it may, his high spirits are at their highest in *The History of Joseph Andrews and his friend Mr. Abraham Adams*, that "comic epic poem in prose," as he calls it, which is avowedly written in Cervantes' manner; written, too, while his wife was still living, and before his own health began to give him trouble. Launched with the design of ridiculing Richardson's *Pamela*, it soon sails out upon more open waters. It is the gayest of his novels, as *Tom Jones* is the most powerful, and *Amelia* the most sombre. Yet even in *Joseph Andrews* there is visible that tendency to moralize which is accentuated in the later works. In them the author constantly reminds us that he writes with moral purpose. The Bow Street magistrate (for such is Fielding now become) is perpetually confronted with human nature in its darker aspects: with crime, with vice, with subterfuge, with misery. Association with these grim facts, and the depression caused by declining health, have certainly infected the atmosphere of *Amelia*. *Tom Jones*, his masterpiece, is of the middle period, when he was a

²⁰ "Joseph Andrews," Book IV., ch. viii.

²¹ "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon."

working barrister and journalist, went the Western Circuit, and enjoyed Ralph Allen's hospitality at Prior Park. The reader need only refer to the prefaces of these works to be reminded that their author assures us they were written "to promote the cause of virtue." And so, in the main, they were. Of one virtue, it is true, he is a questionable champion and is too lenient to its corresponding fault. Jones's code in this matter—for he had a code—is explicitly stated, and is not condemned.²² But what about the others? What about selfishness, generosity, bravery, honesty, and truthfulness? Of these Fielding is a stout and consistent upholder. Sometimes he commends their excellence by positive examples, such as Parson Adams, Allworthy, and Dr. Harrison; more often he makes us feel it by showing us what human beings may become without them. Vice in general he does not make attractive. One would sooner be Booth who loses his money to Trent, than Trent who wins it; sooner be Jones when turned out of Allworthy's house, than Bliffl, the treacherous instrument of his ejection, who remains there. Western's example does not tempt to drunkenness, nor Lawyer Scout's to knavery. It must be remembered, too, that Fielding arraigns public evils as well as private; the condition of prisons and of spunging-houses, the scandalous favoritism which regulated promotion in the public services, the cruelty of imprisonment for debt, and the oppression of the poor by those who were intended to protect them—Justice Thrasher, for instance, in town, and Justice Frolick in the country. The sight of a mother and her children in undeserved distress "affords," he declares, "a juster motive to grief and tears in the beholder than it would be to see all the heroes who have ever infested the earth hanged all to-

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²² "Tom Jones," Book XIII., ch. vii. Compare with this his admonition of his friend Nightingale (Book XIV., ch. vii.).

gether in a string."²³ In his last piece of writing he deplores the fact that in London there is not one poor palate in a hundred that knows the taste of fish, except that of sprats, although it is so plentiful, and ought, but for the short-sighted greed of "a few monopolizing fishmongers," to be so cheap.²⁴ Anxiety for the reform of social evils, and sympathy with those who suffer by them, pervade and dignify the novels. Add to this that their author has few equals as a story-teller, and, if confirmation be needed, turn to that incident in *Tom Jones* which is headed, "A receipt to regain the lost affections of a wife, which hath never been known to fail in the most obstinate cases,"²⁵ or to the entire last book of that history, where incidents hardly noticed at the time are all seen to have conduced to the working of the plot, and where the complications of what was once called the fable are unravelled with an ease and mastery which could scarcely be surpassed. Lastly, let the host of characters with which he has peopled the highways and villages and green lanes of England certify us of his great creative stature. In a sense his range is limited. Once only (in *Amelia*) does he cross the Channel. Except for this, he confines himself to the rural life of our island, and to certain sections of society in London. It must be remembered, however, that his novels only occupied a tithe of his time, and that he died at forty-seven. His world, if contrasted with that of Scott or Balzac, may appear a narrow one, but we may fearlessly adapt to his case the words of Cassius:—

He doth bestride this narrow world
Like a Colossus,

extracting from it as much mirth, as much pathos, and as much horror as he pleases.

Harry Christopher Minchin.

²³ "Amelia," Book IX., ch. I. The type of hero he has in mind may easily be imagined.

²⁴ "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon."

²⁵ "Tom Jones," Book II., ch. vi.

WOMEN AND POLITICS.

TWO REJOINDERS.

I.

Miss Gore Booth¹ appears to believe that women's wages can be raised by Act of Parliament; and that the main cause of the difference between their earnings and that of men is unfair legislation by a masculine assembly. I am not a political economist, and must leave this theory to be dealt with by those who are. I own, however, that I am profoundly sceptical with regard to it. Miss Gore Booth and I differ, not as to the fact of the miserable condition of great numbers of working women, nor as to its tragic importance, but as to the causes and the true cure of this state of things.

The question of female suffrage is but a minor point in the larger question of the right general position of women. It is a political question which I have no desire to argue, being (as I said in my article on "Women and Politics") well aware that I am not competent to deal with it in all its aspects. My object in that article was to recall attention to some undeniable truths which lie at the very root of the larger question, but which are often and disastrously forgotten. I was certainly not pleading for elegant leisure, still less for conventual seclusion, as luxuries to be maintained for well-to-do women at the expense of their poorer sisters. I was pleading for home life and home duties as the natural and indispensable function of women generally. Nor did I represent women as too weak, but as too fully occupied, to engage in politics. I urged the claim for a fair division of labor between the sexes, and the paramount importance of those offices which women alone can fill as entitling them to some exemption from the more ordi-

nary duties (*e.g.* electing members of Parliament and serving on juries) which men *are* competent to perform. I pointed out—did it need that I should do so?—that marriage and motherhood are in their very nature an arduous undertaking, the duties of which cannot be neglected without ruin to the nation.

The whole controversy seems to turn on the question whether politics and legislation are a sphere of labor or of privilege. If political power be a mere privilege which can be used without either care or study, and which yet is certain to bring in its train an increase not only of wages but of personal freedom, by all means let it be enjoyed by all of either sex who can get it. But if politics and legislation (even our modern legislation by constituencies) are *tasks*, involving hard work and calling for serious study, then let them be undertaken by those whose hands Nature has left free. You cannot legislate with one hand and rock a cradle with the other.

What precise effect would be produced by giving votes to women is quite beyond the calculation of one who, like myself, is no politician. I doubt whether it can be accurately foreseen by any one. Should the experiment ever be tried, the result may well prove much less important than we either hope or fear. It is, I repeat, not the value of the suffrage as a political engine that we have chiefly to consider, but the whole movement towards a redistribution of labor as between the sexes. I deprecate any such redistribution as would assign to women an increased share in the outer work of the world; not that women may be idle, but that their whole energies may be be-

¹ "The Living Age," April 20.

stowed on their own more central work. While domestic life absolutely requires the immense amount of energy now bestowed upon it, which yet falls far short of the demand; while children are dying at so fearful a rate, or growing up stunted and degenerate because the full discharge of maternal duties is impossible where women are the bread-winners; while able-bodied men are not ashamed to be supported by their wives; while these things are so it does appear to me to be madness to encourage the ignorant cry for votes, as though they could cure the miseries brought upon women and children, and through them on the whole nation, by poverty and ambition, by want of thought, and want of dutifulness. The unnatural state of things, by which so many women are driven to compete, on very unequal terms, with men for a bare livelihood, and are thereby debarred from serving their country in family life, is surely a state to be corrected at any cost; not to be assumed as the permanent basis of our electoral system. Let that system, however, be what it may—it matters little, so long as women are true to their highest duties.²

Caroline E. Stephen.

II.

Miss Stephen,³ in her contribution to discussion of the above subject in the February number of this Review, dwells upon "the impossibility of detaching [the question of female suffrage] from the much larger and deeper problem of the right general position of women, and the feminine and human ideals to which that position should correspond and contribute."

² The Editor kindly allows me to introduce here a note which I regret to have omitted from my article in the February number (p. 231).

In our Quaker Parliament (as we may call the yearly meeting of the Society of Friends), there has been for more than 100 years a sepa-

These words strike the key-note of the opposition engendered in the minds of (I believe) large numbers of the most thoughtful women in this country, by the proposal to introduce and establish their sex in the political arena. There are, of course, many side issues; but the real ground on which we of the Opposition join battle is the fundamental one that the proposal involves a futile contradiction of the "nature of things," an ignoring of unchangeable facts and relations of facts in human life, which is bound to lead to disaster.

To many all this seems mere profitless verbiage. Of course (say they) the differences between the sexes are patent in carrying on the business of life. You need not enlarge upon them. We see them; but we hold that they do not affect the claim of women to a share in determining the laws by which they as well as men are governed, and in the management of affairs—in a word, the policy—of the country which is *their* country as much as men's.

It is certainly a plausible—many hold it to be an irrefragably just—contention. But let us look a little closer into the matter. Claims are of various origin. There is the claim of weakness upon pity, generosity, honor, good statecraft; but it is not this kind that the advocates of "women's rights," and of women's suffrage among those rights, principally urge. The claim to act, on the other hand, rests upon ability. Can women do these things which they claim to do? Are they, indeed, competent, and is it, therefore, desirable in the interest of the whole community that they should be admitted, to exercise all or most of the functions of the male citizen?

rate Women's Meeting; which, though without legislative power, exercises a very marked influence on the action of the Society, through the opportunity it provides for the voice of Women Friends to be heard on all its affairs, and for their views to be placed on record.

³ "The Living Age," March 9.

Here occurs some divergence. People answer with all manner of shades of meaning—*distinguons*. Every one, indeed, shrinks from the "all"; every one rules out certain functions, certain vocations, for which women are by nature too obviously unfitted for the most ardent champion of female "rights" to claim female fulfilment of them. But after the unanimous ruling out of these, there is much variety of category in estimating the claims and functions of women apart from the bearing and bringing-up of children. Some people are prominently for the political female ratepayer and her vote for Parliament. Do let in this little tiny concession, is their cry. It is as reasonable as it is tiny; it would not alter the existing state of things, socially or politically, a jot; but it would remedy a crying injustice to certain ratepayers. And it is as a ratepayer that one stands before the universe; and a ratepayer who is not a voter is a living "contradiction in terms"—she is "as smoke in air or foam on water." Then comes another cry—or rather, a roar; The "existing state of things" as between the sexes in matter of politics is a monstrous survival of mediæval superstition and tyranny—it is effete—no, it is powerful—well it is both effete and powerful; it must be overturned and abolished. Women are the half of the race, therefore they ought to have half the voting power of the English Parliamentary electorate. Give us this, and the New Jerusalem would be as nothing to the bliss which will dawn on the women of England, and through them on the whole country. Every female worker will draw regularly men's wages, and the quartern

Miss Eva Gore-Booth's "reply" to Miss Stephen ("Nineteenth Century," March 1907, pp. 472-476), makes one ask, seriously, whether she believes, and leads poor ignorant working-women to believe, that the reason women are paid lower wages than men is that they have not the vote for Parliament and men have it. Surely the most elementary acquaintance with economics should teach her that

loaf will be double its present weight for a less price.—Oh, but we don't stop short with the suffrage, insists a third cry. We don't shrink from—nay, we long for the sight of women judges upon the bench, pleaders (yes, in divorce cases if you will) in the courts of law, permanent officials in the Civil Service (you see they are already letter-sorters and telegraph-clerks), perhaps eventually even members of the House of Commons itself, Ministers of the Crown, ambassadors to foreign powers, and so on. I have hardly made a caricature of the medley; and I put in a claim that significant facts are at the bottom of my banter.

For two things stand out clearly in the tumult of many counsels. First, it is, even upon the female suffrage claimants' own arguments, acknowledged an impossibility to reason strictly *pari passu* between men and women in the distribution of the rights and duties of life. Both sexes are undoubtedly reasoning human beings, and probably of about equal average intelligence; yet it is conceded that precisely similar functions in the commonwealth cannot, in the nature of things, be allotted to both. This admission made, the remaining point is, Where and upon what principle is distinction of functions to come in? The claimants of women's suffrage, it would seem, make a clear answer. Our principle of distinction, they reply in effect, is that of *physical capacity*. Women are by bodily constitution unfit for certain functions and occupations, and the normal demands of life upon their bodily energy emphasize and increase this unfitness. To claim such functions and occupations would there is no Parliamentary road to the general raising of women's wages. It is not (as she seems to think) a question of "bringing pressure through the House of Commons," for it is not, as with men, a simple issue of demanding better wages. It is a question of *competition between the sexes*: and that competition arises from causes which Parliament can no more control than the tides of the ocean.

be absurd; but neither the exercise of the franchise nor any other function of political activity is one of them.

Now to persons insisting upon the ability of women who already are matrons of hospitals, mistresses of schools and colleges, physicians in full practice, &c., to meet the demands made on the energy, not merely of voters at the poll, but of members of Parliament, party-leaders, ministers of the Crown, chiefs in diplomacy—to persons arguing thus, the kind of reply set forth above may seem forcible and conclusive. But it has, as I submit, one fatal flaw. It runs counter to the whole purport and teaching of modern knowledge of the laws of life, which even a humble outsider may discern. That purport and teaching is to the effect that the human being, man or woman, is by natural constitution a living unity, in which various powers and functions are bound up; that to deal with such powers and functions severally, without regard to the others, spells disaster; that, consequently, if a certain plan of life is strongly indicated in one department of this unity, the overwhelming probability is that such plan ought to rule it wholly. And it would follow that to separate in consideration one group of vital facts from others essentially bound up with them is unscientific, unphilosophical, indeed—in the strictest sense of the word—absurd. But this is precisely the position taken up by those who would isolate the obvious, absolute physical disabilities of women—*e.g.*, to

fight a battle or lay a line of railway—as having no bearing on the question of their fitness or unfitness for other activities also heretofore held appropriate only to men. Our contention, on the other hand, is that these obvious, absolute physical disabilities are not isolated facts, pointing to isolated exceptions to a general rule that all careers and functions in the community should be common to both sexes. We hold that they point to the existence of kindred disabilities, not so obvious but not less real; that just as absolute and permanent disability bars women from (say) command of an army in the field or service in the rank and file, so it bars them from the efficient exercise of political, legislative, and judicial functions, and from those of the executive Government of the country. The disability is not equally salient in respect of all these vocations; but it is there.⁵ And we hold that all this follows on due consideration, not of one part of the natural constitution of women, but of that constitution as a whole.

What, then (it may of course be asked)—what, then, is the “plan of life” which you contend is indicated on “consideration of the natural constitution of women as a whole”?

We reply, The plan which the practice of all past ages of human progress has followed, and which the whole tendency of biological teaching at the present day endorses; in few words, the ancient distribution of functions, still obtaining amongst us, which allots the direction

⁵ As a concrete instance in support of what I have here advanced, I advert to the spectacle now presented by the leaders of the agitation for women's suffrage. I would speak with all respect for their public spirit, and in particular for their hearty desire to better the lot of the toiling “women-workers” of the country. But it is this group of leaders, their words and deeds—the disproportionate strength with which they insist upon some truths, the carelessness with which they shelve and ignore others—it is these clever

and eager persons and their ways that seem to us to demonstrate most forcibly the natural, unchangeable incapacity of women for dealing with and deciding in the greater issues of life. Again, certain recent ebullitions of ill-temper and indecorum are doubtless but the follies of a few among many; nevertheless they are symptomatic, they indicate a temperament; they are as straws showing the way the wind would blow in the great gale to be raised when women as a sex shall be added to our electorate.

and control of public affairs to men, of domestic to women.

Our forefathers knew nothing of biological science. But they knew a great deal about practical life. And so out of the contact of "mother-wit" with the conditions of existence, this plan by which we still live was worked out—evolved, if you will; not by any set purpose or deliberate intellectual choice, but moulded daily and hourly by the pressure on mind and body in both sexes, of the needs of their being and its circumstances. And now the advance of thought and knowledge in these latter days gives reason and definition to the shaping, more or less instinctive, of human life in the past; it shows that the old distribution of functions is rooted in the unchangeable constitution of human nature, in which the abilities and disabilities of the sexes are mutually correlated.

I am well aware that an easy rejoinder can be made to the considerations which I have been humbly endeavoring to urge. It is, briefly, that "*nous avons changé tout cela*"; that, while in old days physical force counted for three-fourths in human affairs, it is now superseded largely by moral and intellectual; that in the intellectual region women are now equal to men, and in the moral, if anything, superior. Well! it is an idle game, this cutting up of nature into slices, and disputing which sex has the thickest. I revert once more to the unity of feminine nature, as of masculine; and I contend that in all essentials the likenesses and contrasts of the two unities have not changed with the lapse of time, but are unchangeable; that force—energy, if the word is preferred—still rules the world; that the masculine human unit is by nature endowed with a larger share of the energy of life than the feminine, and therefore by Divine (or cosmic) right ought to bear rule and prevail. That is, to use more old-fash-

ioned language, men should manage and control the great affairs of life, and decide its main issues. *Politics belong to men.*

I am now brought to that which is, I cannot but believe, the supreme consideration in the present controversy. It is this: If, according to the passionate desire of a certain section of our countrywomen, the parliamentary suffrag, carrying with it the possession of political power, and entrance on the political arena, be conceded to women, it is plain that the effective supremacy of men in this country's affairs will be at an end—until, indeed, men seize it again, as they probably would, by main force. Till they do so, the decision of the great issues of life will be, as it were, put in commission between the two sexes, with results that no one can measure, but which cannot fail to be disastrous. At best there will be all the evils of a vacillating and unstable policy; in all likelihood there will be graver evils. For it is not to be supposed but that divergences will arise between the two wings of the vast electorate. Serious differences of opinion, of judgment, of feeling, often occur now between the sexes. Two will ride the horse. Which shall sit behind? Is it possible to imagine a more chaotic, a madder state of affairs than would be thus created? And that equally in the family and in the State, for the proposed revolution must inevitably run through the whole relation of the sexes.

Time would fail me, had I even the ability, to dwell upon the other dangers, the many losses, involved in the fundamental change now urged upon us. But I regret my lack of time and lack of wit the less, that such losses and dangers have been ably set forth by Miss Stephen. I desire, however, to note two or three points in conclusion.

(1) The important additions in recent times to the sphere of women's activities, the opening to them of new careers

undreamt of in the past, together with their excellent fulfilment of the new demands, are often alleged as valid arguments for the concession to them of political powers and functions. But there is not one of the responsible public posts and offices newly open to women that does not come under the category of *domesticity*—paradoxical though it may seem at first to say so. They are in nature *home* offices and functions, albeit on the extended scale made necessary by the immense volume and complexity of modern social life. Women-physicians and hospital matrons care for the sick, mistresses of schools and colleges educate children and young people, members of boards of guardians care for the poor; and these are the very functions which from of old have been held appropriate to women. They are purely administrative, and they demand the personal element, the individual care for individuals, which is the characteristic excellence of women's activity; but for these very reasons they are essentially distinct from political activities, and can furnish no argument for the concession of the latter.

(2) By far the most serious aspect of the claim advanced for women's suffrage is presented by the great meetings, the "manifestos," petitions and appeals of thousands of working-women, who urgently demand the franchise, both as their "right" and as the one thing of prime necessity for bettering their conditions of life. We cannot doubt that great numbers of this class are fully convinced, first that they suffer wrong and loss by lack of the franchise, and next, that its attainment is the only thing that can right them, and that it would be certain to do so. I am not in the least surprised that they should be thus minded, and I regard their endeavor to give effect to their conviction with the greatest sympathy and respect. I do not, I own, believe

their demand to be spontaneous; but it is genuine, it is in ready response to the promptings of the able and determined women who lead them, and who, from a very different vantage-ground, direct the campaign in which they are the obedient rank and file. Their own lot is known to be one of the hardest upon earth; they themselves know little beyond it, and it is in no wise blame-worthy, but the reverse, that they should seize ardently on an enterprise which, they are taught, will infallibly lighten burthens and increase comforts, in this toilsome world, for themselves and their daughters. But it by no means follows from all this that their claim should and must be conceded; that it is wise and practical, having regard to all the considerations involved; that the volume and unanimity of a class demand should put us upon that which would be literally the most momentous revolution in its affairs that this country could undertake. If, indeed, the impossible were possible; if it could be demonstrated that the only means for any great and lasting betterment of the conditions of life among our toiling women is the concession to them of a vote for Parliament, and, further, that the concession would infallibly effect this betterment; then, indeed, we might be driven to the concession of the vote as a lesser evil than the permanence of the present state of things with working-women. But to say this is to state a platitude. There is no political machinery which can bring about the vast changes we all long for in that vast field; they must come about by changes in the habits of life. In the social conditions, the interaction of various classes throughout the country. If the much longed-for vote were attained, and working-women could dictate to Parliament (which by no means necessarily follows), the result would, according to present appearances, be much hasty and short-sighted

legislation, tending to increase the already too frequent ruin of home life and mother's care, as more and more women become bread-winners in place of idle and self-indulgent or feckless husbands. On the other hand, our earnest hope and belief is that reforms in detail—reasonable redress of grievances and improvement of conditions—can be more wisely and securely carried out under the present and immemorial allotment of functions between the sexes than by upsetting that allotment.

(3) The mistake is often made by the advocates of women's suffrage of supposing that they who oppose it desire that women should hold themselves aloof from any interest in the public affairs of their country. I remember Mrs. Fawcett's eloquently insisting on the meanness of this suppositious programme for imprisonment of "the female mind." But the suffrage party may be assured that no such limitation is proposed or desired by their opponents. The latter, in common with other thinking women throughout the country, earnestly desire that their sex should take, as far as possible, intelligent interest in public affairs, and, further, should be acquainted with the main problems of the day, at least in outline, and more particularly with those bear-

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ing on female conditions and female needs. They welcome the exercise, more and more, of consultative and advisory functions, by reasonable and thoughtful women, in the country's concerns; they welcome the presentation of grievances and the suggestion of remedies by those toiling thousands of women upon whom rests so much of the physical burthen of life. But they are convinced that the last word in all these matters ought to rest with men—even as God has made man "the head of the woman."

Lastly (if I may presume to give my impressions in that respect), I believe that the great majority of Englishmen would, for their part, hold these views if the question of women's suffrage were fairly and squarely put before them. Miss Stephen suggests a Referendum to women. It would be interesting, but I do not think it ought to be decisive. My whole contention is that the matter is for men to decide, whether by Referendum or by our old-fashioned method of a General Election. If I am right in believing my countrymen are against women's suffrage, I earnestly hope they will have the courage of their convictions, and resist it, no matter with what volume of female voices it may be demanded.

Theo. Chapman.

FAKUMÊN.

We were billeted in the village of A-chi-nu-lu-pu-Tze when orders came for an advance to Fakumên, a small town on the Mongolian border. Our maps showed that Fakumên was literally on the palisade which in olden times protected Manchuria from the raids of Mongol tribes. Some hundreds of years back A-chi-nu-lu-pu-Tze itself was a Mongol stronghold, and even yet the greater part of the surrounding land

was the property of a Mongolian prince. But as civilization ever advances its borders, so the tide of Chinese colonization had pushed back the nomads of the desert and established the dominion of China where once the wandering tribes had been wont to pitch their tents. But for nearly two hundred years there had been no change of frontier, and though Chinese pioneers had contrived to cultivate beyond the border, Faku-

mên still marked the limit of Chinese jurisdiction, and beyond it there remained that mysterious and vague region known as Mongolia.

It was a brilliant morning in spring when I set forth alone to ride the thirty miles to Fakumên. The country was undulating, and the road tortuous, twisting, and turning and diving into hollows, as Chinese roads ever do. Soon I was at fault, and compelled to take thought as to which of several ways I must follow. My compass was a safe enough guide in a general way, but there is no pleasure in wasting time in a hot sun on a dusty day. And so I welcomed the advent of a horseman who came clattering down a lane, and halted, with the object of inquiring the shortest way to Fakumên.

It was a quaint and picturesque figure that pulled up in response to my obvious desire to open communication. As the rider approached, his mount attracted most of my notice. It was a little Chinese horse, with a deep and broad chest, cantering along like a lion, its gray mane waving, and its eyes bold and bright with spirit. In obedience to a firm but easy grip on the reins it stopped, tossing its head and pawing the ground with impatience. And then I became occupied with a broad smile on a brown weather-beaten face, and the gleam of humor in keen and sparkling eyes framed in strong eyebrows and an array of moving wrinkles. My friend—for his white teeth and beaming countenance made him that at once—gave me Chinese greeting in a voice and manner that tallied with his genial and, shall I say, gallant appearance. My Chinese was weak, but I had no difficulty in making him understand that I was at a loss in regard to the road to Fakumên. He laughed and swung his heels into his pony's ribs, and without loss of time was showing me the way and with his whip pointing the direction in which Fakumên lay.

Chinese roads are deeply rutted and broken, besides being strewn with stones, and the horse that canters upon them must needs be clever on his feet and jink here and there to avoid obstacles. But despite the irregularity of the way, my new-found friend sat humped up in his high Chinese saddle, swaying to the motion with perfect ease, and shouting to me over his shoulder with a disregard for contingencies that argued the accomplished horseman. Behind him was a blanket and a pair of woollen saddle-bags neatly strapped under the horse's belly. His Chinese clothes flapped and crackled in the wind, but the man never moved in the saddle. His rein arm hung straight from the shoulder, and the elbow clung naturally to his side, while the other arm was free to wave the whip and point here and there. Behind the supple figure the powerful quarters of the little horse moved automatically, the quick feet darting in and out between rut and stone, while the sun glistened on the polished dappled gray skin that covered the rolling muscles. The horse was a picture of health and strength, and the rider the embodiment of action and manliness. They were a pretty pair; and if Genghiz Khan had many such, it were no wonder that he overran the West.

My freebooter was a Mongol, and bound for Fakumên. He talked a lot, and when I failed to catch his meaning he tried again and again, until comprehension was established. I gathered that he owned land in Chinese territory, but that his home was far away in the west. He had been to see the Japanese army authorities, whereat I smelt the Hunghuse, for to such only could belong so gallant a steed and so effective an equipment. So the blood of Genghiz Khan still runs in Mongol veins, and perhaps the bands of Hunghuses who scourge Manchuria from

east to west and north to south, to the eternal defiance of Chinese law, are but the inherited expression of the restless energy and boundless enterprise that made the Mongol chief of long ago one of the great men of the earth. When China begins to employ her resources to check Western aggression, she will do well to remember that the spirit of past deeds has not entirely evaporated from the breast of the dweller in Mongolia. Japan in this respect has given China silent but sound advice, for no sooner was it realized that the Mikado's cavalry had more than it could well do to protect the western flank of the Manchurian army than Hunghuses were engaged to scout and reconnoitre. Very well they did their work, too, as the Russians can testify. My friend was one of them; besides many a brother of his who jumped at the chance of a bit of devilment.

Fakumên, viewed from the edge of the saucer-like hollow in which it lies, presents a dull appearance, nor do the low brown and yellow hills which surround it attract the eye by graceful or striking outline. The constituents of Chinese architecture are gray stone, gray slate, and gray brick, varied by khaki-colored mud walls and hueless thatch. There are no towers in Chinese towns, nor church spires, nor white cottages, nor parks adorned by sheets of shimmering water. And so the outward appearance of Fakumên is negligible. But in crossing the heavy stone bridge which spans the stream skirting the environs of the town, one enters on a broad street that quickly brings one to the market-place, a large triangular opening full of life and bustle. Here there is no lack of color or of individuality. It is such a scene as only China can present.—spirited, picturesque, quaint, marvellous in the variety of goods offered for sale, astonishing as an indication of teeming pop-

ulation, and withal intensely business-like.

The roads which traverse the market-place at right angles are blocked with traffic. Heavy carts drawn by three, five, and seven animals, including ponies, mules, and bullocks, creak along on their ponderous iron-bound wheels, their drivers cracking monstrous whips and exhorting their teams in the manner universal throughout the world. Laden coolies trot by at the double, chanting as they go, and the huge wheelbarrow, steered by the man between the handles and hauled by one or two others in front, protests loudly and discordantly at the greaseless state of the wooden axle upon which it moves. There are sellers of water borne in buckets slung on a bamboo, sweet-merchants, and purveyors of buns, all trundling along shouting their wares and helping to throng the way. On either side are innumerable stalls shaded by wide-spreading umbrellas. Here are piled huge heaps of a dozen different kinds of vegetables, and rows of sacks whose wide-open mouths declare grain of many sorts; there are butchers' stalls and bakers' booths, benches holding battalions of boots and shoes of amazing diversity of pattern and size, toy shops and crockery shops, tinsmiths and smithies, cloth merchants and silk merchants, booksellers, herb-dealers, cooling-drink purveyors, tobaccoists, basket-makers, and Heaven knows what else! In one corner there is a continuous loud hissing and an overwhelmingly savory smell. Here cooks are frying and roasting and boiling to beat the band, as they say in America, and the marketers are sitting at tables busily and noisily supping soup and deftly chop-sticking into their mouths morsels of mutton, pork, and fowl. All around the market-place are the permanent shops, mostly owned by merchants who do more of a wholesale than a retail trade. The tea-shops are

easily recognized by the richly colored chests that adorn their shelves, the saddlers by the festoons of bridles, whips, girths, and other leathern articles that hang from the ceiling. Several bankers sit in state behind panelled counters, and they can discount or purchase bills on any city in China. There are a hundred features more that one might mention, but enough has been said to incline the reader's mind to believe that here is civilization and social organization of a high order. Who in their senses can ever give credence to the not uncommon idea that China is savage or primitive or unsophisticated? At most China smacks of the mediæval, but the mediævalism is of a kind as intricate, complex, and polite as any ever known in Europe. The European of the twelfth century was a savage compared to the Chinaman of to-day. And the Chinaman of to-day is merely an effete edition of his progenitor of three thousand years ago, when Great Britain, Italy, and Greece were covered with jungle-hiding unclad aboriginals.

The Japanese flag is not difficult to find, and the quartermaster is soon escorting me to the abode provided by the omniscient system of the Japanese army. After a few turns we enter a small street that would pass muster as a lane in one of Barrie's inimitable Scottish villages. It is one long line of wall, broken here and there by gateways. The houses all stand in compounds of their own and turn their backs to the street, permitting perhaps a single window high up to overlook the public thoroughfare. At a corner stands an ancient temple, a tiny edifice of massive but weather-beaten stone. Beyond the temple the neighborhood suggests the suburban, for out of the compounds rise tall trees, some of which overhang the walls and shade the side-path. Translated from the vernacular we get the fitting name of Lit-

tle Temple Avenue. And near where the trees are my guide halts and taps at a low door in a wall, beyond which is visible the thatched roof of a cottage.

In response there is a chorus of loud barking in a minor key, and a rattling of chains and banging of bolts. Then the door splits in two, and an elderly man appears, backed by a scintillation of wide-open brown eyes and a dancing array of tiny dogs that dart forward, bark, and retreat with all the dash and excitement of a Punch and Judy performance. Introduced by the Japanese officer, my host welcomes me and leads the way down a flagged passage, preceded by the eyes and the little dogs, the latter furious at this direct invasion. At the end of the passage we turn the corner and find ourselves in a small compound, with three blank walls and a small single-storied house as the fourth side. In the centre of the house is a door, and on either side spacious windows, faced by a parapet whereon stand pots of flowers. Neat and clean and secluded, and all mine, barring the owner and his family. Entering, I find myself in a pleasant room with polished wooden chests ranged along the walls, prints and photographs hanging thereupon, and vases, clocks, and images of Buddha neatly arranged wherever a niche offered space.

Mr. Tung was my host's name, and a courteous and kindly old boy he was. His daughter Tsunga, being grown up, was afraid to appear, but the owners of the eyes, two little daughters and a playmate, were all there, and staring their hardest. Their Chinese names I discarded in favor of Tennysonian translations, an eleven-year-old maid being the Virtuous Plum, and the item aged seven A Little Repayment. The small friend was August Rose. No less of the family than the children were the three little dots of dogs. Oorjwur¹

¹ The names of the little dogs are translated phonetically.

was a golden-colored Pekinese pug, of sedate but watchful demeanor. Shau-bur was a mixture of different kinds of dogs, but small and full of character. And number three, Shaboor, was the daintiest and most exquisite little piece of darting and flashing caninuity that ever frisked in this world. A perfectly thoroughbred Pekinese, white with black markings, large protruding swimming eyes, long silken coat, beautifully feathered neck and tail, and clean ankles and tiny feet that a mouse might have envied; her weight about 2 lb. avoirdupois, and her energy about a thousand foot-tons per minute. Perfect little beast and delightful little companion! I wonder if you remember me as I remember you! The last of the family was an old lady, very deaf and not very particular about her appearance, a second wife, or one of the many varieties of wives they have in China. A terribly decent old body, the mother of no children, and eternally alive to this particular shortcoming.

A good-sized room at each end of the cottage, and a small one in the middle, constitute the house. The room already described is allotted to me, the little room is inhabited by the father, mother, and three daughters, while the other end serves as quarters for my two servants, and kitchen for everybody. So we all live *en famille*, and before a week is out I know what there is to know about the domestic economy of the little household in which I find myself located. I see the old lady at her cooking, and the family squatting round their meals. I know that they feed on little else than millet, and that all their dishes are kept scrupulously clean. In the tiny hall inside the door stands a looking-glass, and here the girls do their hair in the morning and wash in a basin. Papa Tung is very particular about his appearance, and he may be observed titivating at frequent intervals.

But the personalities of Fakumên are not yet exhausted. On the other side of the street is a big compound, with rooms all around in the Chinese fashion. These have been allotted to foreign officers attached to General Nogi's army, and the day after my arrival they ride into Fakumên and promptly find their way to Mr. Tung's in search of a cup of tea. The Virtuous Plum and the Little Repayment wait upon them very gracefully, and the Grizzly General, the Heavy Dragoon, the Guardsman, and the Gurkha, are charmed; as also the Count, a German officer, the Pasha, a Turk, Sam, the representative of U.S.A., and mon Colonel of France. It was rather a squash in my room, but tired soldiers can make room anywhere, and the little girls were enchanted with this new game of handing round their father's cups with the foreigners' tea. And while we were so engaged the Padre came to see me. He is a Belfast Irishman, engaged in local combat with Confucianism, Buddhism, Roman Catholicism, and other perversions of the truth, on behalf of the Irish Presbyterian Church. With his wife and baby daughter I conclude my list of residents necessary to this account of how we lived in Fakumên. There are besides perhaps 20,000 Chinese, the celebrated commander of an army corps and his staff, and some thousands of Japanese soldiers. But they are not so essential to my Fakumên as those I have individually mentioned.

We visitors to Fakumên are here to see fighting, but of this both Russians and Japanese have combined to deprive us. We are, therefore, much thrown upon our environment and upon our neighbors. The battle of Mukden is not long past, and so there is plenty work for us in the mornings, discussing the great event and endeavoring to follow the complicated movements that took place on ground we have been privileged to explore. But the afternoon is

devoted to recreation. My tea-parties are a leading feature of the social amenities of our small circle. A large red and blue rubber ball, that had been sent from Japan as a cricket ball, has been presented to the Tung children, and it is an invariable rule that the General and the Dragoon shall devote ten minutes of strenuous exertion to the propulsion of this instrument of torture, in company with the Virtuous Plum and the Little Repayment, ere these young ladies will hand round the tea and buttered scones. The Guardsman and the Gurkha are too junior to join in this game—they are only majors—and so they look on while their seniors play. My cook watches for that moment when the General's breath is exhausted, and opportunely announces that the scones are ready. Papa Tung always joins us at tea, and adds his quota to the conversation through the Guardsman, who takes lessons from him in Chinese every morning. Perhaps next to the little waitresses the individuals who get most fun and profit out of the tea-parties are Shahoor and company. Shahoor has a trick of sitting up and begging that deflects every second mouthful in her own direction. The other two are not so cheeky, being content to beg from behind the door or out in the passage, often unseen. And their very modesty gains them a fair share of the scones. Mrs. Tung, on these occasions, never ventures more than a peep, but if there is any exceptional luxury going, such as a tin of Huntley & Palmer, the little girls never fail to dart round the corner with a sugared-biscuit for the old lady.

In the Padre's compound is a vacant piece of ground which we have had levelled for tennis. The Padre had a net and two rackets, and these appliances, with balls and two more rackets for which we wired to Newchwang, made a great difference to our existence. It is not quite usual to see tennis played

in gorgeous uniforms, Wellington boots and spurs. But if you had been in Fakumên in 1905 you might have seen it. The Virtuous Plum and the Little Repayment usually escorted us round to the Padre's, but their interest in tennis was decidedly subordinate to that in the Padre's baby, with whom they were on most intimate terms. Mrs. Padre's teas, of course, far exceeded mine in style and politeness, but I maintain that, for bonhomie and a certain Bohemianism, mine were equally acceptable. You can't smoke in a lady's drawing-room; but in my quarters we all smoked, the little girls in particular being very hard on my cigarettes. Papa Tung, poor man, had given up smoking, because of a society he had joined. The rules of the society also prevented him touching liquor or opium, which seems rather hard on an elderly man who has been a bit of a dog in his day. It must require a strong attachment to a society to prevent a man indulging in a smoke when his own wife keeps puffing away at her pipe nearly all day, and his daughters blow cigarette-smoke into his face. But the Chinese are death on societies.

In my room is a brass Buddha sitting in a glass-case, with a highly ornamented candlestick on either hand. Mr. Tung comes in to pray to this image morning and evening. None of the rest of the family do it, and he is so regular that I imagine he does a good deal of worship on their account, and that they keep him up to the mark. It shows in any case that he is a pious Chinaman. Occasionally he and I go for a walk round the town—I with my camera, and he dressed in beautiful clean clothes, an umbrella in his hand, and a large jade ring on his thumb. I perceive that he is regarded by the townsfolk as a man of some consequence, for when we enter a tea shop he is greeted on all hands, while he returns compliments with a suavity that

argues long experience of deference. His particular tea-shop charges two cents for as many goes of hot water as you like in half a day. You bring your own tea, and the shop provides you with cups and the little saucer-like utensils that in China they put over the cup while the tea brews. When brewed you pour into another cup, when the original cup is refilled from the kettle. And so the same lot of tea makes an indefinite number of cups. If you stay over half a day in the tea-shop you must pay another two cents, and still more if you don't bring your own tea. But respectable Chinese always carry a little paper packet of their own particular brand, a delicious and highly scented leaf costing about 4s. a-pound.

Tung knows his way about town, for when I express a desire to see an opium-den he readily consents to take me round. We visit half a dozen, and at every one he is known, and I have no doubt that he was a regular customer at one time; so it is all the more creditable that he has been able to break himself of a bad habit. Tung is a Manchu, and his family own property near Fakumên. But owing to the war he has not been able to get his share of the rent. Besides which, his pension as a retired Bannerman has not been paid since hostilities began, this accounting for the millet on which his family is compelled to subsist. After living in the house for some time I discovered that they were all very hard up, though directly such a thing was never suggested to me. Tung's neighbors occasionally came to see him in the evening, —a schoolmaster, a tax-gatherer and a brother who is supposed to be a sergeant in the cavalry regiment stationed in Fakumên. But the brother, for some reason, is not with the regiment and gets no pay, and so borrows from Tung.

Every night after dinner I go over

to the attachés' house to play bridge with the General, the Dragoon, the Guardsman, and Sam. Before I go I say good-night to the girls, who accompany me to the door with the dogs. Small Chinese dogs will never cross the threshold of their own abodes for fear of being stolen. It is very pleasant to receive so much attention, and if it weren't for the bridge I often would stop at home and play with my youthful and diminutive friends who have become desperately affectionate in those days. But if I remained they would never get to bed. After the bridge, about eleven o'clock, I return and knock at the door. Immediately there is a terrible chorus of barking, which does not cease until Papa Tung has opened the gate and I seize all the tiny disturbers and stifle them inside my jacket. *Hui lai la?*—Have you come back?—comes in sleepy tones from the Virtuous Plum and the Little Repayment, and then I hear the old man coughing and grunting as he endeavors to resume the comfort from which my knocking disturbed him. Then comes peace, and then a low discreet concert of breathing and snoring. My next recollection is always the shrill voices of the little girls, who, with Shahoor, invariably wake me up in the morning.

The eldest daughter Tsunga, as I have said, was very shy, like seventeen in most countries. For a week I never set eyes on more than the tail of her skirt, on those occasions when I returned unexpectedly. Naturally I was interested, and tried hard to coax her out. But modesty, or perhaps etiquette, was stronger than all my inducements. One day, however, Mrs. Padre came to tea, there being present most of my neighbors from the other side of the street. Suddenly in walked the young lady. Papa stood in the middle of the room, evidently ready for her appearance. Introduced to Mrs. Padre, she curtsied and took refuge near that

kindly person, who perhaps was not sorry to have support among so many men. Then followed formal presentation to the Ying-kuo (English), Fa-kuo (French), and Tuerh-kuo (Turkish) officers, to each of whom she curtsied with outward self-possession but obvious inward trepidation. Then my tea-party proceeded with much animation, the Guardsman rising to the occasion like a true courtier and performing valorously in his broken Chinese, and decidedly amusing the young demoiselle. She showed herself possessed of considerable breeding, not of the ridiculously formal kind we have been led to associate with China, but of the natural and universal kind. I shall long remember how, on a subsequent occasion, when Mrs. Padre was again present, she came into my room and curtsied nicely to us all, except Sam. Then, turning to Mrs. Padre she said she had not yet made the acquaintance of the Mei-kuo (American) gentleman, whereupon the Padre did the needful, much to Sam's confusion. Indeed there's many a worse school for manners than China.

At this time the Padre was frequently visited by Japanese, both officers and soldiers. Most of them had leanings or connections with Christian matters, but a good number just liked to put in a bit of practice at their English. One of these latter, a corporal, asked if he might bring a few comrades to see the Padre's house, as his regiment came from a remote part of Japan and most of the men had never seen the inside of a European abode. The Padre fixed a day, and at the appointed time his servant reported with alarm that the Japanese army had occupied the compound. Out goes the Padre to investigate. He was relieved to find only fourteen men drawn up at attention, under command of the corporal, who explained that these were his comrades who had come to see the house. The

Padre thought them rather a lot, but invited them in with a cordiality worthy of Evangel. Thereupon the corporal roared, "Right turn!—quick march!" and led off for the door with the goose-step. With the utmost gravity the party inspected the house in single file, no movement being made without an order, and the formation remaining unbroken throughout the visit. The Padre, as they went from room to room, explained things and their uses. In his dining-room hangs a portrait of the Defender of the Faith. This, the Padre pointed out, was the British Mikado. The corporal jumped to attention, saluted the picture, and fell back, explaining to his men who they were confronting. Each soldier then came up in turn, faced the portrait, saluted with a serious countenance, and made way for the next. So quiet and orderly were they, that when the corporal asked to be allowed to bring another batch the Padre consented, and said any day they liked to come. And the very next evening, when the Padre happened to be out, the corporal again paraded a row of men at the front door. Mrs. Padre was occupied with putting the baby to bed, and told her servant to let them in and walk round the house. She heard the corporal giving the orders as before, and explaining to the men in Japanese what the Padre had told him on the previous visit. When they came to the nursery, which the corporal had been shown before, the Chinese servant said they couldn't go in there because the lady of the house was using it. But the corporal thought the precedent set by the Padre himself better than the objection from a Chinese servant, and opened the door and walked in, followed by his men. Mrs. Padre was in the midst of that important operation—bathing the baby; and being enveloped in towels and engaged in preventing the child from drowning itself, she felt helpless, particularly as

the Japanese language is not numbered among her accomplishments. And so she did nothing but continue the bathing. With the utmost solemnity fifteen hulking young fellows watched the performance to a finish, saw the baby soaped and scraped and dried, dressed in its night-clothes, and then tucked into its crib. Mrs. Padre then sat down and began hush-a-bye-babying, beckoning at the same time to the soldiers to go. And they went—every one of them on tiptoe.

The Padre has not been completely successful in inducing the inhabitants of Fakumên to forsake their false gods. But he has earned for himself a very strong position in the town by his manner of life, decency and order in which invariably appeal to the Chinese. Then in these post-Boxer times the foreign missionary holds all the trumps, especially in Manchuria, where several of the persuasion were murdered and Government retribution fell heavily on the people. So the advent of the Japanese found the Padre established as an intermediary between the military authorities and the towns-folk. The position was one of dignity, but also one of considerable embarrassment, for when the Japanese thought it necessary to chop off a few Chinese heads, the relations came weeping and wailing to the Padre, protesting the innocence of the condemned and praying for intervention. To the believer in fire and brimstone for the defunct heathen the taking of the life of a man without future hope is a serious thing, and in the beginning the Padre bestirred himself. But he found the Japanese as immovable as the Great Wall, and martial law an impenetrable mystery. If the stony-hearted provost-marshal had a suspicion that a Chinaman was finger-ing Russian money or lending himself to communication with the enemy, then the head of the suspect must roll in the dust. If the innocent suffered, well,

It would serve as a warning to the guilty and a deterrent all round. Such a creed was hard for the sympathetic Padre to understand, and he did his best for some time, until he found that more harm than good ensued from his efforts. These were dark days in Fakumên, for many heads fell, and a box in the market-place, wherein an accusation might be placed secretly, gave many a spiteful neighbor his chance.

But in other matters the Padre was very strong. He had long urged on the townspeople the necessity for municipal improvement, and to that end had induced wealthy merchants to spend money. The Japanese on their arrival insisted on sanitary measures and the upkeep of the roads, and to deal with the situation the merchants formed what they entitled The Society for the Return to Good. And they invited the Padre to be president. The society was inaugurated by a feast, attended by the leading residents, and to which the Japanese army sanitary officials were bidden. The Padre made a speech, and gratified his hearers by the news that he had been able to induce the Japanese to make a substantial subscription to the new society. Rich merchants then opened their purses, and a wonderful degree of cordiality was established. After eating was over, the Japanese, according to their custom, went round the table with a bottle and a glass, stopping and drinking healths until prostrated by the overflow of geniality. The Chinese quickly appreciated this amiable proceeding, and emulated their Japanese brethren with no small success. In the midst of all this conviviality the Padre was rather out of it, until he had the wit to seize a huge teapot and a cup, with which he made the round of the table with universal approbation. The saving grace of a teetotaler is to be an Irishman!

But the Society for the Return to Good was a thoroughly business-like

organization. They frequently met to discuss ways and means, and before long Fakumên was a new town. A company of Japanese soldiers killed all the loose dogs, only those being left which had a label tied round their necks. Shahoor and company at this time were greatly worried by large flat plates of wood depending from their collars, whereof the purpose was not apparent to them. But the writing on the wall had no more significance for Nebuchadnezzar than had the hieroglyphics on her plate for rebellious little Shahoor. Then Tung and his neighbors turned out in their shirt-sleeves, and with spades levelled Little Temple Avenue until you might have played billiards upon it. The society instituted a tax on carters, who were then doing a great business in the transport of army supplies. Innkeepers were appointed collectors, and from every cart which entered their premises they took ten cents, which they wrote in a book, the while explaining the object of the impost. There was no constituted authority behind the society, and no law to support their actions. But the principal men in the town had decided upon this course, the funds were being devoted to practical measures, and the carter paid cheerfully, thereby unconsciously epitomizing the national attitude towards reasonable government.

And now I come to an event that shook our small social circle to its foundations. This was no less than an intimation from the Japanese that the house wherein I dwelt so happily was required for army purposes, and that a new billet would be provided for me. I came in one day and found the Virtuous Plum with a swollen face and red eyes, obviously the worse for tears. The Japanese decision had reached my servants before I had heard of it, and this accounted for her mournful condition. Papa Tung was greatly exercised in his mind lest a batch of possibly

ribald soldiery should take my place, while Tsunga contemplated suicide. The old lady went about her work muttering, as do people who are visited by ill-fortune for no apparent fault of their own. Truly it was a melancholy household, of which perhaps none was more melancholy than myself, for I had become attached to my family of children and little dogs, and life in a foreign land without them seemed savorless. And across the street my departure was characterized by Sam, who guessed there'd be no more buttered scones, and nobody to take their money at bridge. The Virtuous Plum and the Little Repayment during one spasmodic burst of weeping joined hands and crept across the street to lay the case at the feet of the General. But that kindly veteran had no more than a hand for the head of each grief-stricken child, the matter being one in which he could not interfere. And so despair reigned in Little Temple Avenue.

When the fatal day came, I was loaded with whatever of the family goods I would take away. The old man's lamp and clock, and a set of pink cups from the old lady's cupboard; a certain table that I always used, and a piece of carpet that lay beside my bed, were things that would be useful in my new house. I had only to go a couple of streets off, but I might have been going to America or Australia, so many were the offerings, and so sad the leave-takings, which my departure evoked. And when the girls brought me a little basket that contained their pearl of price I nearly wept. If Shahoor hadn't barked angrily at this unusual confinement, just when I was given the basket, I must surely have broken down and joined my tears to theirs.

Not long after my transfer peace was declared between Japan and Russia, and duty called me away from Manchuria and the little town wherein I had spent five months in the combined

study of the fiercest and gentlest aspects of human existence—warfare and domestic life. The war has nothing to do with this narrative, but I have tried to explain what manner of folk my Chinese friends were, and how they lived. They live like Chinese, and they are just human beings, possessing the same sympathies and the same emotions, the same weaknesses and the same virtues, as people in other parts of the world. There is, of course, some difference in degree, some modification of temperament; but that is all that ever distinguishes East from West. The Virtuous Plum and the Little Repayment came to see me often in my new house, and Papa Tung was most solicitous about my comfort. I had tea-parties, and I went to bridge in Little Temple Avenue, but things were never quite the same. Little Shahoor

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was mournful and lonely, and though on my return at night she raced round my quarters like a demented thing, and nearly ate me for joy, I could not help a feeling of selfishness in having taken her. When I was leaving Fakumèn finally I returned all the things that had been lent me from the Tungs' house, but Shahoor they insisted I should take away. I said good-bye at night, meaning to start upon my long ride before dawn. In the gray of the morning I mounted my pony, Shahoor attending me to the street. The man who held the horse had instructions to take her back to Little Temple Avenue so soon as I was gone, and the last I saw of the little mite was her head poked out of the gateway watching me as I rode down the street and round the corner out of sight.

David Fraser.

THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

CHAPTER VII.

That morning Mrs. Lauriston rose early, though she was never a late riser. According to Cicely (who considered herself an early riser), Aunt Charlotte always "got up at unearthly hours." According to Aunt Charlotte, on the other hand, Cicely was accustomed to over-sleep herself in a way that occasioned grave concern; which proves only that the word *early* is susceptible of more than one interpretation, the variety of its meanings depending probably on the number of persons who interpret. However, to be precise, Mrs. Lauriston rose at a little after half-past four and was down or, again to be precise, was outside her tent shortly before five.

Her usual hour was half-past seven, but to-day, glancing at her watch on a sudden awakening, she had mistaken the position of the hands, and therefore had

imagined that her self-appointed time was come. Once outside her tent, however, the aspect of the world convinced her that she had made a mistake. A thick mist still wrapped the river and its banks in sleep, and the other tents looked large and ghostly and unfamiliar. Away in the east the newly risen sun was perceptible though not visible; a faint red glow behind the mist proclaimed his presence, but he had not yet power enough to compel his way and drive the gray veil before him. Mrs. Lauriston had not seen the river prospect at this hour before, and she did not much approve of it now; it seemed cold and damp, yes, and the grass was heavy with dew; great moist drops clung to every blade. Decidedly it was not good to be abroad at such a time.

A distant church-clock, as if to accen-

tuating her regrets, informed her now definitely what the time was, and after she had counted the fifth stroke she felt vaguely annoyed with Cicely, whose gift (an absurd little watch of gun-metal about the size of a sixpenny piece) had thus misled her. Had she not been persuaded to bring it instead of her own hereditary repeater, which Cicely had urged might catch cold by the river, this regrettable incident would not have happened.

However, Mrs. Lauriston was not one to indulge in vain regrets for long, and the air was certainly fresh and pleasant; moreover the sun was gradually making himself a path through the mist, and a pair of goloshes would enable her to defy the dew. After restraining her natural impulse to rouse her nieces, and especially the donor of the pretty deceiver, from a conviction that they would not be grateful, she set herself to perform what duties could be performed at so untimely an hour. She laid out the breakfast-things in the living-tent, and prepared everything in readiness for cooking, among other things placing the historic perch, which Martin had cleaned the night before, near the frying-pan, and cutting sundry rashers of bacon. After this she would have liked to clean the silver just to show how it should be done. But unluckily the silver was in the tent which her husband shared with Martin,—in a box under Martin's head as she fondly remembered; though, as a matter of fact, Martin had other ideas with regard to what constitutes a pillow, and she could have reached the box easily enough without disturbing him.

For a moment Mrs. Lauriston almost wished herself back in Ealing. There she would not have been at a loss for an hour's congenial occupation. She could have inscribed her name in dust on the top of the grand piano,—a valuable piece of testimony; she could

have discovered how much that should have been swept up had been concealed under the mats in the hall; she could have fairly considered the respective merits of old oak or walnut for restraining the floor in the bay-window. There were numberless things she could have done, and they all occurred to her. Here all she could do was to pick up a few little bits of paper from the grass and add them to the fire that was presently to be kindled. How few distractions the country affords! Mrs. Lauriston became desperate; she consulted the offending watch again; it was only a little past six, and breakfast was not till eight. She resolved that she would take a walk.

There was only one path that could be called a path, and Mrs. Lauriston objected to walking on anything that was not a path. Scrambling through hedges and jumping ditches had no charms for her. She liked to see where she was going, and she took the path, though in rather a disparaging mood. The path (it skirted the weir-pool and ran past the camp to the foot-bridge described before) was the kind of path on which the early bird might hope to catch the first worm. In fact he was doing so at this moment, until, disturbed by Mrs. Lauriston, he flew off, thinking perhaps he had mistaken the time of day. Of the first worm fortunately Mrs. Lauriston had only a theoretical knowledge, but she felt out of sympathy with the early bird; he seemed to have so much to do while she was compelled to be inactive. Generally she had striven to impress his merit on Cicely, who for her part had taken a misguided view, saying that he provided a solemn warning to one not to be the first worm.

Mrs. Lauriston hesitated whether she should turn to the left or the right, but finally decided that the scenery to the right looked more civilized; it included the foot-bridge and the lane and other

things of comparative dryness, while on the left were osiers and willows and the weir and moisture everywhere. She walked accordingly along the path and over the bridge, gratified to find that her road became dryer as she went. By a curious coincidence she was treading in the same path that her husband had taken yesterday. But unhappily, not having his eye for country, or his military experience, she did not realize what was at the end of it. Past the lock and the mill, along the well-trodden track through the osier-bed, over (with great precautions) the plank that bridged the small lagoon, beyond the oak-tree,—Mrs. Lauriston repeated her husband's journey in faithful detail, and then she stood suddenly horror-struck in the very spot, and almost in the very attitude, in which William, Talbot, and the Admiral were introduced to the reader two days ago. Mrs. Lauriston had come upon the house-boat. Yet this was not all; this was bad enough, but it was not enough to make her face round from the river hotly, hurry back across the plank without a semblance of her former precaution, and walk on and on possessed only by the one idea that she must put some miles between her and what she had seen. The shock of discovering the haunt of the objectionable male was great, the other,—but it shall at least be softened for the reader. It is enough that Mrs. Lauriston should suffer.

In fact there was a second perturbed spirit abroad this morning,—Sir Seymour Haddon. His dreams had been troubled. Having spent much of the night in hunting for a certain Gladstone bag in lonely deserts and amid snow-clad peaks, while jabbering apes, crocodiles, giraffes, and other remarkable fauna attended him in a mocking throng, one and all assuring him that his search was vain inasmuch as no such thing existed, he had awakened to

a burning sense of injustice at almost the same time as Mrs. Lauriston. But the magnificent Charles was more fortunate than his neighbor; he at least had a purpose in life. He had arisen in a determined manner in spite of the mist around him. Like Mrs. Lauriston he had meditated arousing his party to an appreciation of the morning air; he felt sure that between the four of them the beauties of the morning would meet with comment more eloquent than ever gladdened the brain of a London-haunting sonneteer. But the amusement would keep for an hour; he had work in hand.

He looked scornfully at the four conspirators. Majendie's remarks came back to him. He regarded the doctor's face; it bore the expressionless calm of a dreamless sleeper. "He's dreaming of the whole course of his professional career," Charles said to himself sarcastically.

Then he began his search. He hunted every place on board the house-boat possible and impossible, he hunted every nook and corner of the bank within a hundred yards, but the Gladstone bag remained imaginary. When he returned baffled his first impulse was to administer a rude awakening to each in turn, but he looked at his watch. It was nearly half-past six, and if he did disturb them they might want to get up, in which case they would certainly insist on his preparing breakfast. On the other hand the sun was now pleasantly warm and the river—

In a few moments he was climbing the ladder to the roof, just as Mrs. Lauriston was coming through the osier-bed and all unconsciously approaching the stile. The magnificent Charles walked delicately to the edge and looked down; Mrs. Lauriston mounted the stile. He gave a little pleasurable shiver; the sun was warm on his back and the water looked cold; Mrs. Lauriston crossed the plank. Charles raised his joined hands

over his head; Mrs. Lauriston passed the oak-tree—

And then,—a symphony of pink and navy blue (a fortunate but not a preponderating hue in the picture) flashed through the air and cut the smooth surface with hardly a splash. It was a beautiful dive. Did social conditions permit, it would have made as effective a weapon in Charles's armory as his forward stroke at cricket. It was a dive to inspire the writer of sonnets afore-said.

It did inspire Mrs. Lauriston. She stood transfixed, just as his friends had stood transfixed before. The roof of the house-boat seemed fated to be to Charles a stage from which he should arrest attention. It was a curious coincidence that so similar an effect should be produced by his costume in its two extremes,—its unexpected maximum and its irreducible minimum.

After the dive Charles rose to view within a few yards of her, rubbed the water out of his eyes, and looked about him,—to encounter Mrs. Lauriston's gaze. He was not unduly perturbed, nor did it occur to him that there was anything out of the common about the situation, though he noted the fact that the lady must be an early riser. He swam tranquilly off down stream with a powerful breast stroke, reflecting to himself that a swimmer is seen at his best thus and trusting that the strange lady (who evidently belonged to the other camp) would not fail to note how much he was at home in the water.

But Mrs. Lauriston had fled, and before Charles had finished his exhibition had reached the mill tingling in every nerve with indignation at the shamelessness with which these young men behaved; it was exactly as she had prophesied, she thought, as she hurried on past the mill, taking in her agitation the path to the left instead of the path to the right, and so with every step hurrying farther away from her own camp.

Indeed, she had put several fields between her and the mill before she began to wonder where she was going, and stopped to consider. The fields seemed unfamiliar, and she decided that she had better turn back.

But now there was another misfortune in store for her. Right in the path by which she had come stood an unsuspected cow. Mrs. Lauriston withdrew the foot which was taking the first step back. She detested cows, but she had heard somewhere that if you keep your eyes on them steadily they know that you are their master and fear you. So Mrs. Lauriston kept her eyes steadily on the cow while she retreated backwards. The cow followed, and stood in front of her in a speculative attitude. Then it lowed, not at all unamiably; and at this Mrs. Lauriston cast her shreds of learning to the winds and ran, ran to the nearest gate, and fled she knew not whither.

A few minutes later she returned to herself and to a pleasing sense of righteous indignation with Charles and his confraternity of crime. She determined to go straight back, fetching a compass round the cow of course; her resolve was fixed; she would acquaint the camp with her decree. She glanced round to assure herself of the direction; she was in the middle of a large field, surrounded by thick hedges, which shut in her view completely; she knew the situation of neither mill, river, nor tents; only was she aware vaguely that somewhere waiting for her behind one of those hedges was the cow. Mrs. Lauriston was lost.

Breakfast was later than usual that morning, for Aunt Charlotte was not there to make sure of things. But Agatha woke at a reasonable hour, and aroused her sister and Doris. Martin also was about, only a little after his customary time. The pleasant odor of cooking fish enlivened Cicely who, little suspecting the dreadful truth, per-

sued the others to steal a march on the virtuous, and to let their aunt rest.

"Do let her sleep on if she wants to," said Miss Cicely with a compassion that deceived Doris.

It did not convince Agatha. "So that you can boast that you have once," she began.

"We all can," said Cicely.

And so it was settled.

The three girls sat down alone. Before Cicely was set a dish which she uncovered with pride. On it reposed the famous perch. She had been very reticent about her adventures in angling, but now that they had come to the final test she resolved to hide her light no longer. She would have liked a complete audience, and she looked round for her aunt and uncle. He was at last emerging.

"There, Uncle Henry, there it is," said Cicely, pointing oratorically to the dish. "The perch is one of the commonest of our fishes; it inhabits most of our rivers, streams, and lakes. Its flesh is little inferior to the flesh of the trout, but it naturally varies according to the water from which it comes. It is generally to be found round old piles, walls, and the roots of trees, and may be taken with a worm or minnow. It does not commonly attain to a much greater weight than two pounds, though examples have been taken of four and even five. This, therefore, is a peculiarly handsome specimen." Cicely paused; she had said her piece pretty well, though she was not sure if she had got it all quite in the right order, and

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there were other facts probably of importance which she had forgotten. She would now come briskly to the peroration.

"Its Latin name," she continued, as one whose knowledge is unfathomable, "its Latin name is—" she paused again; positively she had forgotten that, too, or most of it. She must dissemble. "Its Latin name is *Percus Fluvius*," she said boldly.

"Where *did* you learn all that, Cicely?" asked Agatha.

"From experience, most of it," was the modest reply.

"And the Latin name?" said her uncle smiling. He had forgotten most of his Latin, but early training survived in him enough to make him suspicious of other people's Latinity.

"It came out of a book," said Cicely, thinking it probable.

Uncle Henry was about to inquire the name of the book, when their attention was altogether diverted from the subject by the sight of Mrs. Lauriston, who was crossing the bridge.

"Oh, she's been up all the time," said Cicely in a tone of disappointment.

"I'm afraid she has," murmured Mr. Lauriston to himself as he studied his wife's approaching visage.

Mrs. Lauriston had been long enough in finding her way back for the indignation of the moralist shocked to be tempered with the complacency of the prophet accredited, and her tone was calm, though it lost nothing of decision thereby. "It is exactly as I anticipated," she observed; "and we shall move at once."

(To be continued.)

"EUGENICS" AND DESCENT.

The recent endeavor of Mr. Francis Galton to establish, upon the basis of his interesting inquiries into the influences of heredity, a new science of "eugenics," a word by which he desires to express an ordered knowledge of all conditions of parentage which may tend towards the improvement of future generations of men, is one which deserves the cordial approval of those whose posterity he desires to benefit; but, at the same time, it calls for a more complete examination, alike into methods and into probable results, than it appears so far to have received. We are certainly entitled—nay, almost bound, before surrendering ourselves to his guidance, to ascertain, as far as may be possible, what are the teachings of experience upon the subject, and what are the conditions under which continued improvement of progeny may be expected to reward systematic efforts for its attainment.

It may at once be conceded that Mr. Galton's main argument appeals to a persuasion which, from time immemorial, has almost universally obtained. Concerning the influence of ancestry there was not, in pre-scientific days, there is scarcely, even at present, any difference of opinion. A belief in this influence is, as Metternich wrote of "nationality," "*une idée qui dit tout et qui ne dit rien, mais qui remplit le monde.*" The general resemblance usually borne by offspring to their parents must always have been a matter of common observation which could not be denied; and the exceptions might easily be disregarded or explained away. The ruler or the great man held his position by virtue of distinguished prowess or of proved sagacity; and it would seem to be in harmony with general experience that his high

qualities should reappear in his children and in his children's children. In many countries the stronger and wiser members of the community were able to hold themselves apart as a class or as classes—the stronger often as soldiers, the wiser as priests; and hence they were also able to develop by education the inherited advantages of their descendants. They often claimed to be themselves of divine origin, or, at least, to be descended from the offspring of human damsels by superhuman sires; and such a claim was not only admitted by those around them, but was admitted as an adequate explanation of their superiority, and often took its place among the tenets of the locally prevailing religion. The genealogies of the great furnished themes to minstrels and were recited on occasions of festivity, with the result that some of these genealogies became traditional, and found their way into written and even into printed history. Their preservation has sometimes been supposed by later generations to afford evidence of the substantial truth of the legends which they embodied, and some of these have even been regarded as sufficiently authentic to be served up afresh, by the editors of evening papers in our own day, whenever either the heads or the cadets of the families concerned have been promoted to official or diplomatic positions, or have succeeded in rendering themselves conspicuous in relation to any public or private affairs.

We may certainly infer, from many facts which must be familiar to every reader, that a large proportion of English people are sufficiently convinced of the value of good descent to be in full sympathy with the declaration of the great historian, that "our calmer

judgment will rather tend to moderate than to suppress the pride of an ancient and worthy race. The satirist may laugh, the philosopher may preach, but Reason herself will respect the prejudices and habits which have been consecrated by the experience of mankind." The question of real interest may, indeed, be limited to an endeavor to ascertain to what extent the "prejudices" in question are well founded, or what advantages, if any, descent from ancestors of physical and intellectual capability is calculated to afford. The question is one of no small complication, and, consequently, of no small difficulty.

Starting from the obvious fact that every child has two parents and four grandparents, an easy calculation will show that, were it not for marriages between people more or less akin to one another, every person would be descended from no fewer than 3,194,302 ancestors in the course of seven hundred years (twenty-one generations); but this number must be diminished to an undiscoverable extent by marriages either of near or of distant consanguinity. A husband and wife who are not manifestly related have, of course, eight grandparents between them; but those who are first cousins have only six, and more remote kinship progressively diminishes the number of more remote ancestors. Even after making allowance for this diminution, the figures render it highly probable that, in the whole native population of this country, there is at least some degree of blood relationship between almost any two persons taken at random. The population of England and Wales in 1650 was estimated, on the bases furnished by a number of parish registers, to be 5,450,000, and there is little probability that it exceeded three millions at the beginning of the thirteenth century; so that, apart from the influence of

relationships and of immigration, every individual now living in the country would have had more ancestors in the year 1206 than the total of the then existing inhabitants of the kingdom. If we also take into consideration the fact that there has never been any absolute barrier between classes in this country, the poor having always had opportunities for rising in the social scale, and the rich having always been liable to misfortunes which brought them to the level of the poor, it is fair to infer that, on the whole, there must be a greater community of descent among English people than is commonly supposed. The English traveller who was asked in Germany if he were noble, and who replied that all Englishmen were noble, was probably much nearer to the truth than he suspected.

The middle or bourgeois class, in all countries, must be regarded as of comparatively recent origin, and as having come into existence by an amalgamation of persons risen from the peasantry or from servitude with those who have fallen from the ranks of the military or sacerdotal caste or of the noblesse. The proportions of the ingredients would vary in different communities, and could scarcely be ascertained in any. The patrician families of old Rome disappeared during the darkest period of history, but it is hardly to be supposed that they left no inheritors either of the virtues by which they had been distinguished or of the vices which contributed to the downfall of the Empire. The descents from these families which were claimed at the time of the Renaissance were of an extremely doubtful character, based upon so-called evidence of a kind which could only be accepted when historical research was practically unknown. Gibbon's account of the descent of an English family from "the purple of three em-

perors who reigned at Constantinople" has long been relegated to the domain of fable; and no authentic pedigrees can be carried beyond periods covered by records which are still existing and available for reference. Such records in early times dealt only with personages of high rank, and left the mass of the people unnoticed; while some of them, as, for example, the roll of the knights who landed in England with the Conqueror, are said to have been enlarged and falsified by successive custodians. A large proportion of the English nobility was swept away during the wars of the Roses, and many cadets of their houses either sought refuge abroad or avoided the vengeance of the conquerors by becoming merged and lost in the commonalty. The oldest existing English families are mostly indebted for their preservation to the circumstance that their remote ancestors were prudent rather than ambitious, and were content to cultivate the paternal acres in tranquil obscurity, instead of engaging in the conflicts of political life, and incurring the dangers which these entailed upon the vanquished. It follows that, in England at least, there are but few possible examples of the descent of uncommon virtues or capacities through a long succession of generations; and, inasmuch as neither virtue nor capacity has ever been absent from the national counsels, it may be argued that descent from ancestors displaying these qualities is at least not essential to their possession. It may be observed that, of the large number of persons in this country who are able to trace a descent from former sovereigns, scarcely any have become distinguished but those whose intermediate ancestors have been enriched and ennobled by the bounty of the Crown, and who have therefore enjoyed advantages denied to the

great majority of their countrymen. Nor can it be said that these advantages have sufficed to place any of the persons concerned in the front rank of statesmen or of soldiers. The most authentic examples of long and illustrious descent which English history can furnish are far from sustaining the claims which are sometimes advanced on its behalf; and sometimes, indeed, have been of a description to recall to mind the words of Juvenal, in whatever manner the phrase *sensus communis* should be interpreted:

Hæc satis ad juvenem, quem nobis
fama superbum
Tradit, et inflatum, plerumque Nerone
propluquo.
Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in
illa
Fortunâ.

If we turn from history to physiology, what is it, in the way of inheritance either from near or from remote ancestors, that we are entitled to expect? Much, undoubtedly, both as to physical formation and intellectual capacity, but no one can say either how much or in what direction. The human embryo appears to contain rudimentary elements derived from many preceding generations of both sexes; but the conditions which call some of these elements into active development, or which condemn others to dormancy, are certainly not known, and can scarcely even be conjectured. "C'est qu'il y a toutes les apparences possibles," wrote Malebranche, "que les hommes gardent encore aujourd'hui dans leur cerveau des traces et des impressions de leurs premiers parens." They sometimes appear to retain such traces not only "dans leur cerveau," but throughout their bodies. Every one acquainted with families in which an ancestor or ancestress has been of dark race, African or Asiatic, must

have noticed how often the characteristics of such descent disappear in some individuals, and become prominent in others, even through successive generations. I know a family in which all the boys but one write in a very similar manner, manifestly from imitation of the writing of their schoolmaster. The exceptional boy writes a totally different hand, precisely like that of his paternal grandfather, who died five-and-twenty years before he was born, and whose writing he never saw until it was produced for comparison with his own. I know a lady with no very conspicuous resemblance to her own brothers, but who can stand to-day under Highmore's portrait of her great-grandfather's sister, painted in 1745, and who might very well pass for the original of the picture. Similar examples are numerous, and parallel examples of the inheritance of intellectual peculiarities—that is, of brain formation or development—are perhaps equally common, although they are less easy to observe or to demonstrate. We also see instances of development by antagonism—that is to say, instances in which some marked ancestral peculiarity has been avoided or suppressed in descendants. It is trite to observe that the son of a miser is frequently a spendthrift.

Whatever may be the explanation, I think it is certain that the power of amassing money, independently of general ability in other directions, constitutes a notable characteristic of some individuals; and that this power, which, when it is displayed in a moderate degree, and when it depends upon what might be described as prudence or foresight, is apt to be handed down from generation to generation, is more apt to perish with its possessor when it is present in a very high degree, and is dependent upon the faculty which might be described as

genius if it were displayed in a different sphere of action. I spent my boyhood in a locality which afforded an example of the former kind, and in which the Rev. Sydney Smith was the holder of a living which he occasionally visited, and where his presence was always a stimulus to the hospitality of the neighborhood. He one day took down to dinner a very stately lady, the heiress of an old family in the district, whose forbears had for generations been regarded as thrifty. They had added acre to acre and farm to farm, and had not wasted their substance in contested elections. At the first lull in the noise of the dinner-table, it became apparent that this lady, instead of giving Mr. Smith opportunities to shine, was instructing him on the subject of family likenesses. "Even nails, Mr. Smith," she was heard to say, in a thin and high-pitched voice, "even nails run in families." "I have frequently observed it," was the prompt reply, "*and so do screws.*"

My own experience as a professional man has lain so much apart from commercial undertakings that I do not know to what extent things may have altered during the last half-century; but I well remember being told, sixty years ago, by a London merchant of high repute, that no great commercial fortune had ever been made in a single lifetime except by successful delinquency, and that such fortunes, when made, had scarcely ever been retained by the descendants of those who made them. The opportunities of the present day are greater than those of the past, and the standard of business integrity may possibly be different; but experience confirms what I think physiology would teach—first, that the excessive development of any single faculty, such as that of money-getting, is apt to be attended by an under development of others, by which the former might be held in

check, or by which, at least, the character, as a whole, might be rendered more complete; and, secondly, that the engrossment of one parent by a single object of pursuit is liable to leave the offspring to derive both intellectual and physical characteristics mainly from the other, and thus to produce a one-sidedness of inheritance which is often perplexing to superficial observers.

The superiority of any man to the average of his species, supposing it to exist, may clearly be physical, intellectual, or moral, or all of these in combination. We may regard the organs which are subservient to nutrition as constituting a laboratory for the conversion of food into force; we may regard the muscular system as an apparatus by which force is applied to the physical environment; and we may regard large portions of the brain as an apparatus by which force is employed in the performance of intellectual operations. Everybody knows that a physically strong body, in which abundant force is made available for the maintenance of effort, is one in which a sound digestion is supplied with a sufficiency of nutriment. In the absence of these conditions, not only will the muscles be weak and flaccid, or otherwise structurally deficient, but the force by which their operations should be sustained will also be deficient, and the person laboring under these disadvantages will be physically weak, unfit for or incapable of strenuous or prolonged bodily effort. It is only by the conversion of sufficient food that the strong body can be built up; and deprivation of food is sufficient to reduce the strongest body to the level of the weakest. As far as general principles are concerned, the same facts apply to the brain and to the power of using it for the purposes of the intelligence; and food is as essen-

tial to the power and practice of thinking as it is to the establishment and maintenance of bodily vigor. In at least one sense, bodily vigor is itself essential to the power and practice of thinking, because the activity of the brain is dependent upon the amount and steadiness of its blood supply, and these are dependent upon the working of the great central muscle, the heart.

If we compare individuals who have grown up amid a sufficient supply of their bodily requirements, we shall find great differences among them in respect both of strength and of intellectual capacity, as well as a general tendency for their characteristics in these respects to be reproduced in their offspring. Workmen who wield hammers or make embankments are usually men of limited intelligence; and the tendency of their children will be to develop muscle after the type of the fathers. The philosopher is usually a man whose muscular system has never been a prominent feature of his organization; and his children are more likely to be remarkable for intellectual than for bodily vigor. In both cases, the results may primarily be due to inheritance of structure, and, very likely, to inherited differences in the relative magnitudes of the blood-vessels which respectively supply the muscular system and the brain. Differences thus originating would be maintained and increased by differences of employment during growth and adolescence, and would become pronounced before manhood was attained. The average son of the philosopher would be likely to fall out from the ranks of spade labor; the average son of the laborer could perhaps never be made to understand the bearing of an algebraic formula upon the problems which it was designed to solve.

Assuming, as physiology assumes,

that a healthy infant comes into the world furnished with some hundreds of millions of brain-cells in a rudimentary condition, derived from a variety of ancestral sources, capable either of undergoing complete development or of remaining rudimentary to the close of life, and each presumably limited, if or when developed, to the performance of its own proper function as a source of motion, of sensation, or of thought, it is certain that capacity for development, whether in one direction or in several, increases with the general improvement of the race. The lowest savages cannot count beyond ten; and those somewhat higher in the scale cannot be educated beyond the level of civilized childhood. They go on well to about that point, and there they stop, the limit of their intellectual capacity having been reached. It would require centuries of cultivation to raise such people to the average European level; but, as a process of an analogous kind has clearly been going on during the past in all the countries which are now civilized, there must be ground for believing that descent from cultivated ancestors is not only a step, but an essential step, towards the attainment of a still higher cultivation. To whatever extent ancestry may mean descent from persons of more highly developed intelligence than their neighbors, such ancestry is an advantage which those possessing it should strive to utilize, and which ought to be equivalent to a start in advance of competitors in the race of life. The degree in which, among the prosperous classes of our own day, the conditions assumed are verified, is often, I think, extremely doubtful; inasmuch that the children of the wealthy seem sometimes to be hindered, rather than assisted, by the very circumstances which might appear likely to be sources of advantage to them. Our

social system has been described by an American observer as an elaborate machinery for putting inferior people into positions of prominence and responsibility; and, I think, it must be admitted that those who are advanced by its agency do not invariably display any special fitness for the duties and responsibilities imposed upon them. The individuals who have been selected for military command have not always been conspicuous for military genius; and, if we may judge from the estimates of prominent politicians which are made by their opponents, it is still true that the world is governed by an extremely small modicum of wisdom. If we except the able lawyers who seek in politics a ladder leading to some goal of professional ambition, few impartial observers will contend that the majority of the occupants even of the front benches in Parliament display sufficient capacity to justify a belief that they could have attained eminence by their unaided efforts; and Mr. Bright's description of a cabinet minister among his contemporaries as "a dull man" might be extended, without manifest impropriety, to many who have grasped the reins of power, and have basked in the smiles of fortune. Descent from a great statesman, or from a great philosopher, unless neutralized by ill-health, or by adverse circumstances, or by some possibly undiscoverable strain of cross-breeding, might reasonably justify an expectation of high intellectual capacity; but descent from a family enriched by trade or politics within the last hundred or hundred and fifty years, as it would afford no evidence of any special powers in the progenitors, so it would not justify great expectations from the offspring. On the contrary, it is more in harmony with experience for a young man born "with a silver spoon in his mouth" to allow the possibilities of his

intellect to remain dormant, and to waste his time in frivolous and unworthy amusements, than for him so to cultivate his faculties as to advance beyond the standard of his forefathers, and to pave the way for a still farther advance on the part of his children. The Emperor Napoleon III., writing from Ham in 1840 on certain of the acts of his uncle, regretted "*la création d'une noblesse qui, dès le lendemain de la chute de son chef, a oublié son origine plébéenne pour faire cause commune avec ses oppresseurs.*" The gilded youth of our own time, whatever latent possibilities they may possess by virtue of descent, are too often ignorant of things which every wise man would seek to know, and are learned, if at all, chiefly about things of which a wise man would be contentedly ignorant. Even the supreme satisfaction with themselves which they sometimes display cannot be without its influence in rendering them unconscious of deficiencies which, if they were only recognized, might not be beyond the reach of remedy. They often need to learn that their favorite occupations, even when they excel in them, are not of a kind by which improvement, either of brain or of body, is likely to be promoted either in themselves or in their descendants. Montaigne says truly that "*la précellence rare et au-dessus du commun messied à un homme d'honneur en chose frivole,*" and Plato did not admire the skill of Anniceris, who drove his chariot a hundred rounds without once deviating from the same track. The philosopher said that a person who took so much pains to perfect himself in so useless an art could have no leisure for any great or noble employment, and must of necessity neglect those things which were really praiseworthy. It is certain that the degradation of the faculties to unworthy pursuits, or to vulgar amuse-

ments, is likely to induce a corresponding degradation of brain tissue, and that this in its turn is likely to be handed down to offspring. An analogous effect is likely to be produced, relatively at least, in the cases of those persons of good ancestry who are content to confine their energies within some narrow field, and to leave uncultivated the larger and more valuable portions of the intellectual inheritance to which they may have been born. If, therefore, there be any advantage in descent from distinguished ancestors (and that there is can scarcely be denied), this advantage can only be realized when the family traditions have been observed and respected, and when opportunities of farther distinction have been sought and grasped by successive generations. Any such advantage, as deterioration is usually easier and more rapid than improvement, is likely to be lost when a position gained by the ancestor is accepted as a resting-place by descendants who make no farther effort to excel. I refer, of course, to advantages of organization alone, and not to those which are given by wealth, or by facilities for intercourse with persons of high station. A glance at the world will show that, as far as immediate or temporary success is concerned, the latter are usually more important than the former; but intellectual decadence under the influence of idleness and luxury can only be prevented by sustained intellectual effort. In the absence of such effort, we see people of good station who proclaim belief in superstitions as abject as those of the most degraded savages, in such, for example, as the so-called "Christian Science"; and we see the nominal ruler of a great empire committing its destinies and his own to the control of ignorant priests and mercenary conjurers. The organic advantages of ancestry can at best be only potential, and must be

diligently cultivated in order that they may be secured.

It has already been pointed out that, in this country at least, a comparatively humble social position is by no means incompatible with descent from a distinguished progenitor or progenitors; but physiology has not attained to any definite knowledge either of the degree of remoteness which would probably or certainly prevent the reappearance of ancestral characteristics, or of the circumstances by which those characteristics might be assisted in asserting themselves against others derived from more recent parentage. I am acquainted with a family in which the young people stand in the same degree of collateral relationship, and that the nearest, save by direct descent, which the lapse of time permits, to three remarkable personages: namely, to one of the most beautiful Englishwomen of the eighteenth century, whose charms have been preserved by the pencil of Romney, to perhaps the most learned woman of the same period, and to England's greatest naval hero; but I do not know of any grounds on which it would be possible to predict for them an eventual resemblance, either physical or intellectual, to any of their distinguished kinsfolk, or to one of them rather than to the others. If these young people hereafter become in any way eminent, their relationships will no doubt be remembered, and will be accepted as affording at least a partial explanation of their eminence; but, in the present state of knowledge on the subject, these relationships cannot be held to justify prophecy. They are no more than unknown quantities, and they may be counterbalanced, in the equation of life, by quantities equally unknown upon the other side. The common use of the word atavism, with no special reference to ancestors of

the *atavus* degree, is a sufficient evidence of the frequency with which the reappearance of remote ancestral forms has been observed; and it is noteworthy that, in the lower animals, atavism is most common in the offspring of parents whose own characteristics have been modified in different directions during intermediate generations. The established varieties of pigeon, for example, will usually breed true as between themselves; but a cross between two established varieties is apt to revert towards the original stock. It would be interesting to learn whether a human *mésalliance* is calculated to produce any similar effect; but the inquiry is complicated by the consideration that an apparent *mésalliance* may not always be a real one, and that a real one may not of necessity be apparent. If the qualities of nobility are sometimes displayed by the peasant, it is at least equally true that the qualities of the boor are sometimes displayed by the noble. Napoleon's "*Grattez le Russe*" is of very wide application.

Nor must it be forgotten, in considering the effects of race upon offspring, that standing still is impossible, and that decadence, which is at least as possible as improvement, is perhaps not greatly more uncommon. The saying, *fors non mutat genus*, sounds prettily, but its accuracy is disproved by a glance at a world in which genus, in the sense of the saying, is of all things the most mutable. If we consider the children of some great men, we shall think that the *quot libras* of Juvenal is as applicable to descendants as to ashes, and that Ishbosheth and Richard Cromwell are types rather than exceptions. The latter especially, if we contrast his record with that of his brother Henry, affords one of the many examples which suggest that the powers of a race may be exhausted in individuals.

and that the sons of a great man may revert to the inferior type of some less highly developed ancestor.

As far as I am aware, in countries in which a distinction of ranks has, as far as possible, been maintained, there is no evidence of any general preponderance, either of intellectual or of physical development, in the "classes" as compared with the "masses," due allowance being made for the greater opportunities and advantages of the former. In France, at the revolutionary period, a pure-blooded aristocracy conspicuously displayed some of the virtues which it had been traditional in their order to cultivate; but the strong men of the period, with a few exceptions such as Mirabeau, Talleyrand, and Le Fayette, were furnished by the ranks of the bourgeoisie. If we turn to the United States, we shall find no lack of heroes, of statesmen, or of philosophers, springing, for the most part, from comparatively unknown or undistinguished progenitors.

In our own country, where there has been a continually increasing admixture of ranks, the descent from which most may be expected is probably one which has afforded to successive generations the advantages of sufficient education for the continuous development of the intellectual powers, and of sufficient position for the continuous exercise of responsibility, coupled with such moderate wealth and station and with such recurring duties as to preserve the persons concerned both from the exhaustion of bodily labor and from the snares of luxury and idleness. The descendants of successive generations of learned and conscientious clergy, of naval or military officers of respectable position, and of country gentlemen supported by their paternal acres, but compelled to send their younger sons into the world, are more likely, other

things being equal, to become statesmen, or fighters, or investigators, or guides of public opinion, than the descendants either of those who have had fewer opportunities of intellectual or moral development, or of those whose powers have been taxed to the utmost in advancing their own interests or in maintaining their own positions. Any one who knows London could point out gentlemen who have ruled over Oriental populations with more than the power of Roman proconsuls, and who, in their retirement, may be seen, umbrella in hand, waiting for the omnibuses which will convey them to the suburban homes in which they live upon modest pensions. These men, and the classes from which they spring, form no small part of the strength of the British Empire; and they are descended, as a rule, from the gentle blood and the moderate affluence which I have described. Their histories exemplify, in many cases, what Kinglake wrote of the position of Lord Clyde at the outbreak of the Crimean War, that, "after serving with all this glory for some forty-four years, he came back to England; but between the Queen and him there stood a dense crowd of families—men, women, and children—extending further than the eye could reach, and armed with strange precedents which made it out to be right, that people who had seen no service should be invested with high command, and that Sir Colin Campbell should be only a colonel." The titled descendants of bakers or candlestick makers, of lord mayors or aldermen, are often found in positions which it would seem the natural prerogative of men of better race and better record to occupy; and it is only in times of public peril that the caprices of fortune or the abuses of patronage are corrected by the hard teachings of necessity.

On the basis of some of the fore-

going considerations, there is reason to believe that inherited structure and tendencies may occupy a prominent place among the elements which determine the sum of the faculties in any individual; and, so far, there is reason to regard descent from a strong and wise ancestry as affording at least a probability of inherited strength and wisdom. But the question is manifestly complicated by the consequences of cultivation or of neglect, as well as by the cross currents of inheritance, even from remote ancestors, which may modify or reverse the tendencies proceeding from parents or grandparents. The difficulty of allowing for these cross currents is increased by our ordinary ignorance of their nature. Few people have any knowledge of the characteristics even of the paternal *atavus*; fewer still of those of more remote ancestors or of the distaff side of the pedigree. A distinguished medical writer has expressed a wish that a knowledge of the influence and consequences of heredity could be more widely diffused than at present; but my own opinion is that the knowledge in question has not yet been gained, and that its acquirement is a necessary preliminary to its diffusion.

In this view, I fear that Mr. Francis Galton would not concur. I gather from his writings that he thinks it possible to bring about a progressive improvement of the human race by selection in marriage, and also that he looks forward to a future when such

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selection "will be required by the national conscience, and will become an orthodox religious tenet." Before this time arrives, we must, I think, be able to explain a familiar series of phenomena. It is not uncommon to find, in the same family, children differing widely from one another in physique, in temperament, in capacity, or in all three; and, so long as no one can explain such differences among the children of the same parents, the fact that they arise shows the impossibility of predicting the results of any marriage, or of selecting a husband or a wife in order that any desired result may be produced. One cannot but shy a little at Mr. Galton's appeal to "conscience," so much has that unhappy faculty been dragged through the dirt by anti-vaccinators, political dissenters, passive resisters, and the rest; but it would be difficult to read his writings about "Eugenics" without becoming in some degree infected by his enthusiasm. It is none the less manifest that a fulfilment of his expectations would imply a remodelling of our social system, and a radical change in the position now held by money as a factor in matrimonial alliances. Before such a change can be effected, it will at least be necessary that the laws of inheritance should be as firmly established as those of physics, and that the consequences produced by violations of them should have been brought home to successive generations by the hard teachings of experience.

R. Brudenell Carter.

TEMBO'S INTERCESSION.

Tembo, the four-year-old-son of Choko, paramount chief of the Maruma tribe, was tired of making stupid little patterns in the dust, and looked round for something to relieve the monotony that sometimes depresses the spirits even of princelings. Like most African children he was as intelligent and as vivacious as a European child of twice his age. He needed no midday sleep, and loved to be actively amused during every moment of the long, varied, and delightful day. But his elders were less vigorous. The heat of the Central African noon had sent all the men to sleep and forced even the tireless women-folk into the coolest and darkest recesses of their huts, where they knelt over their millstones, too cross to sing and too busy to tell Tembo stories. All the other boys were away herding goats, and the village seemed deserted. A hen, taking a dust-bath in the shade of a neighboring verandah, suggested a possible form of amusement, but Tembo had chased fowls all the morning without having had the satisfaction of catching a single one. He wished it were evening, for then the goats would come home and he could scamper round them brandishing a stick as big as himself and shouting: "Enter the pen, enter the pen; the sun goes, the sun goes." Then there would be supper, and after that the men would sit together asking each other riddles or telling exciting tales of war or hunting, or if there were moonlight (he had forgotten whether there had been a moon on the previous evening) perhaps there would be a dance and he could run about and shout, and his mother would forget about sending him to bed, but meanwhile there was

nobody to play with and the time passed slowly.

Then a brilliant idea occurred to him: Chepute, the old village scavenger, must be somewhere about and it was always possible to amuse oneself by teasing him, for besides being a slave he had the misfortune to be an Albino; in places the scavenger's skin was as dark as an African's should be, but the greater part of it was an unsightly, dirty-looking pink. As Chepute was the only Albino and the only scavenger with whom Tembo was acquainted, the youngster, by a confusion of ideas, associated his lack of pigment with the degraded nature of his office.

After some search Chepute was found in the council-hut, sweeping up wind-blown litter with a ridiculously small broom. At sight of the little tyrant he tried to hide behind the inner wall, but Tembo was too quick for him and compelled him to stand and give a salute such as the heir to a chieftainship should receive from a slave.

"*Moyo*, master, son of the father of the people, terror of evildoers," whined the old man, scraping his feet backwards and clapping both hands together. "Leave me, please, grandfather; I have work to do."

Tembo graciously acknowledged the salute as one of his dignity should, not by scraping his feet, but patting his fat ribs with the left hand as if his right were occupied in grasping a weapon. "You shall work by-and-by," he answered, "but meanwhile we will play. You shall be an elephant and tumble into a trap, and I will kill you with a spear."

The boy picked up a long reed, and in spite of protests that he had to

prepare the council-hut, the old man was obliged to go on all fours and simulate the struggles of a trapped elephant while Tembo danced round him, striking him again and again with the reed. Finding renewed protests ineffectual Chepute was driven to stratagem. He lifted a hand suddenly, crying, "Listen, listen!" and then ran and looked over the outer fence of the village. "Ah, see," he cried, "a white coney, a white coney as big as a rabbit."

White conies, so Bantu mothers tell their children, are to be found on the other side of the horizon. Tembo had never been able to make sure if their existence were real or fabulous, so this opportunity of deciding the point was one not to be missed. "Where? Where?" he cried, and not being tall enough to look over the fence he scampered round by the village gate without waiting for Chepute to perjure himself further. He did not find the white coney, but an object of almost equal interest was afforded by the approach of one of his father's councillors, arrayed in all the grandeur of full war-costume. A head-dress of purple feathers drooped over his shoulders, a wooden shield, painted with red and white clay, and so long that a peep-hole had been cut near its upper end, was on his arm; brass rings adorned his ankles; an apron of gray monkey-skins encircled his waist, and, grandest of all, a necklace of beads cut from sea-shells, each worth the price of a slave, encircled his throat. Tembo regarded him with all the admiration that an English child feels for a guardsman in full uniform and shouted: "*Moyo*, grandfather! Is there a *mandu* to-day?"

¹ Among most Central and South African peoples the term *grandfather* besides being addressed to a grandparent, is used in many ways. An inferior will almost always address a superior thus, no matter what their relative

"*Moyo*, little grandfather.' There is a *mandu* to discuss the coming of a stranger."

"A stranger! From where and of what people?"

"I know not. Yesterday some of the fighting men of this tribe met him. Most of those who were with him, carrying his goods, ran away, so they brought him here. He brings cloth and beads to exchange for the teeth of the elephant, like Hadj Ali who comes from the east; but he comes from the south and is not of the same people as Hadj Ali. They say he is of a people that come out of the sea many months' journey away, and that his skin is white."

"White! Like Chepute? *Shee!* I must run and tell my mother."

Tembo's mother received his news without enthusiasm, as it had already been discussed among the women; she refused to come and see the stranger, and remarked that little boys who had anything to do with him would probably be bewitched. Tembo, however, was not to be put off so easily; he had discovered that the things he was advised to avoid usually proved most interesting; besides, any one of the same hideous color as the scavenger would, Tembo supposed, be an equally good subject to torment. He slipped away, therefore, enquired the stranger's whereabouts from Chepute, and soon found him seated in the hut set apart for the use of strangers.

David MacGregor, the stranger whom Tembo intended to tease, was sitting with his head on his hands, wondering whether he should see another sunrise. He knew that he was in as dangerous a situation as any he had experienced during fifteen years'

ages may be. It is a term of respect, endearment, and sometimes of banter. A European, who speaks the colloquial dialect, and an old native may address each other as *grandfather* without any incongruity.

varying fortune as an ivory-trader. He was further from civilization by many weeks' journey than he had ever been before, and had come to a tribe to whom his race was known only by rumor. In so doing he had acted deliberately, knowing the risk he ran; and now that his caravan had been dispersed and himself made prisoner, he worried himself with no impracticable schemes for escape and only wished that his fate, whatever it was to be, should be decided quickly. The anxious hours passed slowly, and the advent of a small and by no means diffident child offered relief to the tedium of awaiting the decision of his captors.

"Greeting, stranger," shouted Tembo.

"Greeting, elephant," replied MacGregor good-humoredly.

Tembo was taken aback. Chaff from his father or the headmen of the tribe was all very well; but to be chaffed by a stranger, a stranger moreover whose skin was of the same hideous color as the scavenger's, was a new and disturbing experience. Uncertain whether to strike him for his insolence, to howl, or to run away, Tembo stood with fist clenched, mouth open, and ready to run if the situation became alarming; but curiosity overcame all other emotions, and when the stranger took a tattered handkerchief from his pocket, twisted it into a roll with the corners protruding and wagged it about on his finger, Tembo condescended to laugh. "What's that?" he enquired.

"This is my rabbit," replied MacGregor.

Tembo advanced and laid his hand on the mysterious person's knees. "I know all about the rabbit," he said; "tell me about him."

Few African children between Natal and the River Niger have not heard the daring adventures of that versatile hero of African fiction. To English children they are best known as told

by Uncle Remus to his master's little boy in the hut among the American cotton-fields; they may also be read in many a dusty volume on the library shelves of the Anthropological Institute. They vary in detail; sometimes the rabbit, sometimes the hare, and sometimes the jackal is the hero, but the plots of the stories are fundamentally the same. MacGregor began to relate the adventure which, according to Uncle Remus, the rabbit had with the tar-baby, but chose an older and more correct version. The dialect he spoke was intelligible to Tembo, but his version of the story varied in minor details from the version to which Tembo was accustomed and the youngster constantly found it necessary to correct him.

"This is the story of the rabbit," MacGregor began. "The rabbit went to draw water every day. When he had drawn water he bathed, and when he bathed he made the water muddy. Every day he did this. The other animals were angry. They said to the jackal, 'You must catch him!'"

"Not the jackal, the baboon," corrected Tembo.

"The baboon, was it?" continued MacGregor. "Well, the baboon tried to catch him, but could not. Then the tortoise—"

"Slowly, slowly, you have forgotten the honey-pot!" cried Tembo.

"What of the honey-pot?" asked MacGregor.

"The baboon wanted the honey-pot of the rabbit, so the rabbit bound him and beat him."

"True. The rabbit came to the water. The baboon was watching. The rabbit did not draw water. He put his head into the pot as if eating. The baboon said, 'Do you want water?' The rabbit said, 'I have honey.' The baboon said, 'Give me honey.' The rabbit said, 'First I will bind you with wild vine.' The rabbit

bound the baboon with wild vine, and then he beat him."

Tembo squealed with excitement. "He beat him with what?"

"He beat him with his fists; he beat him with a stick; he kicked him; he struck him with a spear; then he went away. Then the animals spoke to the tortoise. They said, 'Catch the rabbit.' The tortoise put beeswax on his back and lay down by the water. The rabbit came, he drew water, he bathed, he muddled the water. When he came out of the water he saw the tortoise. He said, 'Ha! I tread on you.' He trod on the tortoise; his foot stuck. He cried, 'Let go, or I will hit you.' " MacGregor told the rest of the story as it is found in Uncle Remus's version. The rabbit hit the tortoise with one foot after another till all were stuck fast in the beeswax; he was then at the mercy of the animals who had so long desired to catch him. Tembo, however, did not consider that the conclusion of the story as told by MacGregor was the correct one.

"You lie, ignorant one," he cried. "The rabbit did not say, 'Throw me into the thicket'; he said, 'Shave my tail and rub it with grease.' The lion did so. Then he caught the rabbit by the tail. He swung him round and round to dash his head against a tree. He could not hold the tail; it was greasy; so the rabbit ran away. Ignorant one! why has not your mother told you the tales as they should be told?"

MacGregor continued to tell stories and Tembo to quarrel with his versions, until the boy heard his name called. "Listen, my mother calls," he cried; "it is time to eat. Wait, I will return."

Meanwhile Choko's councillors had assembled to discuss what should be done to the stranger. In announcing the matter Choko said: "If a stranger comes with a spear, he must be

greeted with the spear; if he comes in peace, he must be greeted in peace; if he is rich, he must open the road with tribute; if he is poor, he must be fed lest he go on his way hungry. How does this stranger come? Let me know what is in your minds, that my voice may speak what is right."

There are no half measures about the treatment of a stranger by the Bantu people. If they feel they have nothing to fear from him they treat him courteously, lodging and feeding him so long as he stays among them. They cheat him, of course, if he has any property that may be won by cunning rather than violence, but in all other respects they endeavor to make him contented and comfortable. If on the other hand they fear him and are strong enough to kill him they do so without hesitation or compunction. The arrival of a white man among the Marruma people raised a question for the solution of which their tribal records had no precedent. To them Europeans were an almost mythical people, said to come out of the sea; only the oldest remembered ever having actually seen one of the strange race. Many years before a white man, old, feeble, and very poor, attended by a few men of an unknown tribe, had come into the Marruma territory. He had "opened the road" by sending the reigning chief his only remaining shirt, a tribute which Choko's predecessor had promptly remitted and acknowledged with a handsome present of goats and meal. He had stayed for a few weeks, healing the sick with a degree of success that aroused the jealousy of the local doctors, and telling beautiful stories of the God he worshipped; and then he had passed on again into the unknown country beyond.

Some of Choko's councillors urged that to treat the stranger with any-

thing but kindness, seeing that he was poor and helpless, would be a gross violation of tribal custom. Others argued that a man so strange in appearance was certainly a wizard of the most dangerous sort, who should be put to death without delay in the interests of the community. After hearing the opinion of each, Choko decided to consult Hadj Ali, an Arab trader who was then on one of his annual visits to the Marruma country to exchange beads and brass wire for ivory and any slaves that the Marruma people cared to dispose off; Hadj Ali being a great traveller, his knowledge of the outside world and its inhabitants would be useful.

The Arab was a man who could adapt himself to circumstances. If he had had enough armed men at his back he would without compunction have sacked Choko's village for the sake of a single tusk of ivory, but being without an armed escort he treated the chief with all the deference advisable in dealing with a person stronger than himself. With every mark of humility and respect Hadj Ali approached the council and tendered his advice. He knew perfectly well that MacGregor was merely a trader whose methods were probably considerably more honest than his own; but he disliked competition in a trade in which hitherto he had enjoyed a monopoly, and consequently he gave such a lurid description of European guile and iniquity that the general feeling of the council ran strongly in favor of putting MacGregor to death. In order to open the road MacGregor had presented Choko with a scarlet tunic that had once adorned a British soldier. The magnificence of this had at first tended to turn the scale in MacGregor's favor, but Hadj Ali (who had never given the chief anything half so valuable) explained that the gift of the tunic was typical of the

white man's wickedness, for it had the magic property of gradually and imperceptibly bringing the wearer into the power of the giver.

That everything should be done formally and in order Choko next called upon the court witch-doctor to give his advice. This worthy may possibly have had some private understanding with Hadj Ali; he may have heard rumors that the influence of men of his profession waned when Europeans came into a country; or he may have expressed an honest opinion; but his advice was unfortunate for MacGregor. At Choko's summons he took a seat in the centre of the circle of warriors, made a gesture to command silence, and contrived a little stage-effect by tossing some divining-tablets once or twice into the air. After staring intently at these as they lay on the ground, he sighed deeply, shivered, and gradually fell backwards. For a time he lay rigid, his eyes turned back so that only the whites were visible, while the councillors, breathing heavily and sweating with excitement, sat silently staring at his motionless form. Presently a voice that seemed to come from the roof of the council-hut called on the witch-doctor to awake. Slowly and stiffly he rose, stood up, began to dance round the circle and to sing a chant, that, almost inaudible at first, grew louder and more vehement as animation returned.

"I see a stranger, a white man. Oh father of the people! He eats from your hands and returns to his own country," sang the mystery-monger, discarding the ambiguity usual to oracular utterances. "He comes again bringing his brothers; they stay and build themselves villages. More of the same tribe come. They say to you, 'This shall you do, this shall you not do.' Where are your warriors? They work in the fields like women; they work with hoes in their hands

like slaves; their spears rust. Where are the white men? Their villages are everywhere, and their shadow covers the land. Where is this village? Its walls are fallen; its hearths are cold; weeds grow where you are sitting."

He ceased, and fell exhausted and panting on the ground. The councillors were trembling with excitement, and when Choko asked the opinion of the eldest, all lifted their spears and shouted that MacGregor must die. Hady All followed up his advantage and suggested that to kill the white man outright would merely rid the world of only one dangerous person, and would do little to prevent the coming European invasion which the witch-doctor had prophesied; whereas to kill him by torture, and let the circumstances of his death be known to his tribe, would deter others from following in his path and preserve the integrity of the Marruma people. Moreover, if the white man's death were slow he might in his dying agony be induced to reveal information about his people that would be politically useful. The councillors shouted approval, and Choko, prompted not by mere bloodthirstiness but by motives of high state policy, decreed that the white man should die by torture next day, that his few remaining followers should witness his death, and that these should then be charged to bear a message to the others of his race, to the effect that a similar death awaited any of them who dared to set foot in the territory of the Marruma tribe.

The meeting broke up and Choko strolled over to see the goats driven into their pens. As he passed his own huts Tembo's mother ran out and called him. "Father of Tembo, father of Tembo, listen."

"What news?"

¹ Choko was so great a personage that none but the highest dignitaries in the community might address him by name. To his wives his

"Your son. He is now sitting with the stranger and surely he will be bewitched. Send and call him away."

"Why did you allow this?"

"Indeed, I did not see him go, and when I learned where he was I was afraid."

The hut reserved for strangers was peculiarly constructed. Visitors to the village must of course be sheltered, but it was expedient to exercise a certain amount of supervision over them lest they should work magic against their hosts. For this reason a small peep-hole had been made under the eaves of the hut on the side farthest from the door. Through this it was possible without being seen or heard to overlook a stranger and see if he was behaving himself. Choko made a detour, approached the hut from behind and looked through the hole. His son was sitting by the stranger's side sharing with him a pile of millet-meal cakes, smeared with honey, that had been prepared for his supper.

"Tell me another tale such as your mother told you," demanded Tembo, licking his fingers and turning over the remaining cakes to see which had most honey on it.

MacGregor lifted him on to his knees, and pulling one fat toe after another told him the story which begins, "one little pig went to market," adapting it to the range of Tembo's environment.

"*Shoo!* That is not the right game," laughed Tembo. "Thus is it done." He grasped MacGregor's wrist with one hand and with the other pulled each finger in turn, chanting. "This is the shaky little finger. This is his elder brother. This one stops in the middle. This one is the pot-scraper. And this,"—he struck MacGregor's

name was so sacred that they would utter neither it nor any word that resembled it.

thumb and squealed with glee—"is an old fool; let us beat him."

The friendly relations between Tembo and the stranger made the situation very difficult. Choko's favor could always be gained by any one who secured Tembo's goodwill, for his son and the welfare of his tribe were the only things for which he cared. He had condemned MacGregor to death in the interests of his people, but if the stranger had bewitched the little boy, and could not be forced to remove the spell, the consequence of killing him might be disastrous; he might even compel Tembo to accompany him to the spirit-world. In great perplexity Choko walked round to the door of the hut and entered.

"Go your way, Tembo," he said sternly.

But Tembo was the only person who ever defied the chief of the Marruma. He clasped MacGregor's leg with two sticky hands, and stood firm. "I will stay," he said. "He is my brother; I have given him all my goats, and we have exchanged names. He is now Tembo and my name is—is—what is it?—[Tembo gathered his energies for an effort] Magleko."

Among some tribes the ceremony of exchanging names as a token of brotherhood is considered as sacred as is a marriage-vow among Christians; among others it may be lightly broken at the wish of either party. Choko would have been justified in refusing to recognize it on the grounds of Tembo's youth and rank, but he was not accustomed to cross his son's wishes. He sat down and watched the pair in silence. After awhile Tembo, feeling that he had gained his point, began to search MacGregor's pockets for objects of interest.

"My headmen say that you must die," said Choko, presently.

MacGregor affected indifference. "It is easy to kill a naked man," he answered.

Tembo looked up. "He shall not die," he declared stoutly. "He is my brother, and if any touch him I will kill them." He grasped his father's ponderous spear, made a great effort to lift it above his head, overbalanced himself, fell to the ground, and sat there howling.

The discomfiture of MacGregor's champion was so pathetically ludicrous that both men laughed. Choko picked up his little son and tried to console him, making rash promises of gifts if only he would stop crying, but Tembo was not to be comforted. "I don't want anything," he cried between his sobs. "I want him; he is my brother."

"Can you run, stranger?" asked Choko, when Tembo's sobs had partly subsided.

"I cannot, I am too old."

"Perhaps; yet I think you will run once more before you die. Listen. When night falls there will be a dance. When all are dancing one of your servants shall come to you bearing food enough for one month. Go then quickly, while I am in the same mind. To-morrow, very early, at the time when the fowls come down from their roosts, my people will come to me saying that you have fled. Then I will call to me the young men who can run swiftly, offering a goat for whoever brings your head. If you escape them and reach your own people, tell them that Choko needs ornaments for his gateposts, and the head of the next man of your race that comes within his country shall hang there. Come, Tembo."

"Go, little one," said MacGregor. "Stay; here is a knife. Keep it in memory of the stupid white man who could not tell properly the story of the rabbit. It was the knife of my son, just such a one as you, who died many moons ago. Now run; your father calls."

Ralph A. Durand.

THE POETRY OF BRIDGES.

It is good news that the Auld Brig of Ayr is saved. Every one knows Browning's proud boast about "the Doric little Morgue" in Paris, of which he read in a daily paper that it was about to be demolished, and thereupon sat down and wrote his immortal

No, for I'll save it!

In that sense the auld brig of Ayr was "saved" long ago by Robert Burns, when it seemed so tottering and narrow that the inhabitants were constrained to build a new one before it quite fell to pieces. Burns thought the old was better, and in his famous dialogue between the two brigs he shows us where his heart lay, and how his imagination clung with affection to the old, against which he lets the spirit of the new rising brig rattle like this,

Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a
street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble
when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane an'
lime,
Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern
time?

The auld brig was saved from oblivion when those lines were penned. But it is now saved not only from oblivion, but from destruction and decay; and through the £10,000 which its friends have raised it ought to be preserved for posterity to cherish, as long as Burns himself is remembered, and while Scotland stands.

How is it that bridges, and especially old bridges, have always such a fascination for the mind? The different points of view that are suggested in answering the question will perhaps partly explain it. First of all the very

idea of a bridge calls up the romance of difficulty overcome and desire fulfilled. It is a voyage compressed into a walk, it is a substitute for flight, and for a swim. It lets loose a procession of those who otherwise would have to stop on one side of a river or a creek, or narrow channel of the sea, and it does not make the procession burrow like a mole, as a tunnel does, but it carries the men and women safely over in the light of day, with all the pomp of sun and air, and all the feeling of expectation and looking with the eyes upon the place that was so near and yet so far, before the bridge was built. For creatures that have no wings a bridge is the one solution that meets the old desire,

Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris
amore;

and as we gaze upon some ancient structure like that of Ayr we can but dream, with pleasure, of the generations of men who have passed over it with light or weary feet and had their will upon the other side:—

Ye dainty Deacons, and ye douce Con-
veners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-
cleaners;
Ye godly Councils wha hae bless'd this
town:
Ye godly Brethren of the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the
smiters;
And (what would now be strange) ye
godly Writers:
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the
broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say
or do!

But besides this first thought of what a bridge stands for, there are not a few others that help to enrich the fasci-

nation. As Wordsworth stood on Westminster Bridge in the early dawn of a September day he found the place gave him a certain detachment, like that of a ship thrust out a little from land. When you are in the wood you cannot see it for the trees, and when you are in a city you cannot see it for the houses; and there may be no hill at hand to climb, and one cannot always ascend towers and spires. But if you may but walk to the middle of a bridge you will perchance get a sight hidden from street or square or court, and then you will, if you have the artist's or the poet's eye, see what moved him to write:—

Earth has not anything to show more fair:

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Then besides what you see from the bridge when you look to the land, there is also (not forgotten by Wordsworth) what may meet your eye when you look below the bridge, and gaze up or down the stream, or perhaps watch its eddying circles close beneath your gaze. The movement of boats passing up stream slowly and painfully, or coming down in delightful pace and ease; the look of a pair or perhaps a small flock of water-birds in the distance, or near at hand; all the romance of an old wharf stretching from the bank into the water, with its suggestion of leisurely merchandise, of lading and unlading—these are the sights to be seen better from a bridge than from anywhere else, and which have stayed the feet of many a passenger, and made him give a few minutes from care or commerce to feed the hunger for beauty that lives in the eyes.

And away from cities and towns, in the quiet of some retired village, or it may be in the very depth of fields or heath, where only some lonely road has to cross a stream, you will now and then come upon an old bridge which, to a few men or children of the countryside is a favorite haunt and resting-place, for what it has to show. The shepherd and laborer know it, or the boy whose work it is to tend a few cows turned out to graze by the roadside when the meadows are shut up for hay. Let us look with one of them as he leans over the low stone wall and see what it is that makes him so quietly intent. To-day it is not the water-rat that holds him, or the moorhen swimming in and out of the rushes lower down, or the lampreys clinging like Medusa's hair round a stone: he is in a moralizing mood, but keeps it happily, till the very end:—

Sauntering at ease I often love to lean
O'er old bridge walls, and mark the
flood below,
Whose ripples, through the weeds of
oily green,
Like happy travellers chatter as they
go;
And view the sunshine dancing on the
arch,
Time keeping to the merry waves be-
neath.
While on the banks some drooping blos-
soms parch,
Thirsting for water in the day's hot
breath,
Right glad of mud-drops splash'd upon
their leaves,
By cattle plunging from the steepy
brink;
Each water-flow'r more than its share
receives,
And revels to its very cups in
drink:—
So in the world, some strive, and fare
but ill,
While others riot, and have plenty
still.

That was John Clare's summer pic-
ture, but such a lover of old bridges is

he that even in winter he cannot resist stopping and leaning in the same place, heedless of cold; and perhaps this other scene may be more fitting to the season:—

On Lolham brigs, in wild and lonely mood,

I've seen the winter floods their gambols play

Through each old arch, that trembled while I stood

Bent o'er its wall to watch the dashing spray,

As its old station would be wash'd away.

Crash came the ice against the piers, and then

A shudder jarred the arches; yet once more

It breasted raving waves, and stood again

To wait the shock, as stubborn as before.

White foam, brown-crested with the russet soil,

As washed from new ploughed lands, would dart beneath

Then round and round in thousand eddies boil

On t'other side;—then pause as if for breath,

One minute—then engulfed—like life in death.

So far we have but touched the way in which a bridge appeals to man's

The Outlook.

heart through his eyes, and noted some of the points by which that appeal is made. But through other senses also the appeal comes:—

I stood on the bridge at midnight
As the clocks were striking the hour.

The lines bring us back to the city with its multitudinous voices of the daytime hushed into silence, with the sound from the clock-tower booming out clear and heavy on the empty air, and only that other soft rushing sound of the water below, pouring through the channel, under the bridge's long black rafters,

As sweeping and eddying through them

Rose the belated tide.

Life and Time seem to make these voices their own and speak to us in a language only a little understood, and yet in tones not wholly sad, however deep; not leaving us quite to ourselves on an island of being, cut off from all beside, but bridging over the gulfs that we see on this side and on that, with the note of a friend's voice on the other shore.

THE LITERARY COINER.*

It may sound paradoxical to say, and yet, for all that, it is a melancholy truth, that fraud and imposture, variously modified, have played almost as important a part, both in history and literature, as anything which is genuine, and really is what it purports to be. On one series of barefaced fictions, the "Faise Decretals," concocted either in the eighth or ninth century,

was based the great fabric of Papal supremacy over the different national Churches; on another, concocted about the same time, the "Donation of Constantine," was based the pretension of the Popes to the sovereignty of Rome, Italy, and the provinces of the west. On the forgeries of Hardyng and others rested the chief justification of our own Kings to the suzerainty of Scotland. To an impudent forgery, almost certainly the work of Dr. Gauden, afterwards Bishop of Worcester,

* "Literary Forgeries." By J. A. Farrer. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. Longmans, 1907.

the "Eikon Basilike," is mainly to be attributed the popular estimate of Charles I., and the Royalist reaction, which led to the restoration of the Stuarts. Forgeries as unscrupulous were important factors in the destruction of Anne Boleyn, Mary Queen of Scots, and Marie Antoinette.

If we turn to literature, the work of the forger meets us at every step, from antiquity downwards. In Greek literature, that functionary has obliged us with the correspondence, or, at least, a portion of the correspondence of Phalaris, of Democritus, Heraclitus, Diogenes, with several letters of Euripides, of Plato, and of Aristotle, and with a whole collection of lyrics—to do them justice, very charming ones—ascribed to Anacreon. The Greeks were never remarkable for their honesty, and the more they degenerated, the more dishonest they became, till, in the first and second century A.D., they and the nations who had got mingled with them settled down to forgery on so wholesale a scale that there is scarcely any Greek classic without spurious parasites. Roman literature is even more perplexed by these nefarious practices, extending, as they have done, through nearly nineteen hundred years. But it was not till the Renaissance that they became interesting, and singularly interesting, for they are occasionally miracles of ingenuity. Such would be the "Consolatio," first published in 1583 as a treatise of Cicero, and doing no discredit to its reputed author, but undoubtedly the work of Carlo Sigonio, a distinguished scholar of the sixteenth century; such would be the Trau fragment of the "Satyricon" of Petronius Arbitr, the famous description of Trimalchion's Feast, discovered in a library in Dalmatia by Marinus Statileus, a young lawyer, which occasioned one of the most interesting of the many interesting literary contro-

versies of the sixteenth century, and around which still hangs mystery. The skill with which it is executed is enhanced by contrasting it with two other Petronian forgeries, that by Nodot of a complete text of the "Satyricon" in 1690, and that by Lallemand of another fragment of it in 1800. But nowhere has forgery been more active than in theology. Such would be the writings attributed to Dionysius, "The Areopagite," as impudent a fraud as the fictions which go under the name of "Hermes Trismegistus," the "Sibylline Oracles," and the "Correspondence of St. Paul and Seneca."

But to turn to modern literature. From two bare-faced forgeries, probably of the fourth century, the "De Excidio Trojæ," ascribed to Dares Phrygius, and the "De Bello Trojano," ascribed to Dictys, the Cretan, descended the voluminous dynasty of Romances, which culminated in the "Filastrato" of Boccaccio, the "Troilus and Cressida" of Chaucer, and the tragedy, with the same title, by Shakespeare. From a forgery as impudent—the "Chronicle of the Psuedo Turpin," produced about the beginning of the twelfth century, by a Canon of Barcelona, emanated the still more famous cycle which flowered into the "Chanson de Roland." Equally fraudulent was the work "The History of the Britons," by Geoffrey, of Monmouth, which laid the foundations of the Arthurian romances, and gave us the noble legends consecrated by Spenser, by Shakespeare, by Milton, by Tennyson, which furnished our poetry, in fact, with material as rich and splendid as that out of which Virgil wove the "Æneid." No one can doubt, any more than Geoffrey's contemporaries did, that the "ancient Cymric manuscript," of which it purports to be a translation, was as fictitious as its alleged discoverer.

In the Middle Ages, no work was

more influential than a forgery so palpable that the wonder is that it should have deceived any one who glanced at it, the "*Secretum Secretorum*," ascribed to Aristotle, and yet Roger Bacon treated it as genuine, and Gower versified it. The delightful "*Travels of Sir John Mandeville*," until lately regarded as the genuine records of a real person, were simply an ingenious concoction by two Frenchmen at Liège, and are, together with their hero, as purely fictitious as "*Gulliver's Travels*" or "*The Adventures of Peter Wilkins*."

Turn where we will in our literature, fraud and forgery meet us at every step. Of the two works which were most influential in furthering the Romantic Revival, namely, Percy's "*Relics*" and Macpherson's "*Ossian*," to neither of which does Mr. Farrer so much as refer, one was full of faked and pseudo matter, and the other was almost unalloyed forgery. About Macpherson's "*Ossian*" still hangs no little mystery. That three-fourths of it are admittedly pure fabrication is certain. How then did there get into it the undoubtedly genuine vein of poetry which is to be found in it?—"the residue," as Matthew Arnold calls it, "with the very soul of the Celtic genius in it," the real grandeur of such a passage as the Address to the Sun. Macpherson, as his acknowledged writings show, had not a grain of poetry in him, nor has his coadjutor, Lachlan Macpherson, left anything to indicate that he was equal to the production of such passages.

Common at all periods, the golden era of this nefarious activity was the eighteenth century. Of some of its exploits, such as George Psalmanazar's "*History of Formosa*," Bertram's "*Description of Britain*," and the creation of three British historians, as fictitious as the facts for which they were the authorities, a fraud which

deceived and misled even Gibbon, and was not exposed until long after Bertram's death; Chatterton's "*Rowley Forgeries*," the infamous forgeries of Lauder, and the ridiculous forgeries of Ireland, of all these Mr. Farrer gives us very interesting accounts. It was, no doubt, only possible for him, in the space at his disposal, to skirt the subject; but it is surprising to find him silent about feats of this kind, of greater interest than those which he has recorded. Such would be the extraordinary forgeries, and the still more extraordinary career, of the Abbé Fourmont, who, in 1728, traversed Greece and the Peloponnese for the purpose of copying ancient Greek inscriptions, and who so perplexed with palpable forgery the undoubtedly genuine inscriptions which he brought back, that, nearly a century afterwards, he nearly drove Augustus Boeckh frantic. Still more remarkable were the forgeries of the Abbé Vella. This indefatigable impostor, who was a Maltese chaplain, and well acquainted with Arabic, heard that a Sicilian gentleman, engaged in a history of Sicily, wanted documents throwing light on the history of Sicily during the Middle Ages, trading on the general ignorance of Arabic, produced a manuscript purporting to contain the "*Diplomatic Code*," or correspondence between the Arabian governor of Sicily and the sovereign of Africa, which was published in two volumes, the first appearing in 1789, and the second in 1792. This was followed in 1793 by "*The Book of the Council of Egypt*," printed at the expense of the King of Naples, in Bodoni's types, at enormous cost. He then announced that he had discovered an Arabic version of the last books of Livy. These works he had produced by the simple process of disfiguring and faking Arabic manuscripts dealing with entirely different subjects, and having no connection at

all with what he described them as treating of. The history of these extraordinary forgeries well deserves to be written. Curiously parallel to the Chatterton forgeries are the *Poésies de Marguerite Eléonore, Clotilde de Valon-Chalys depuis Madame de Surville, poète Français du XVe Siècle*," published in 1803, under the auspices of M. Charles Vanderbrough, the real author of which was the Marquis Joseph Etienne de Surville, a graceless profligate, who afterwards took to robbing diligences, and was shot in the Velay in 1798. Of the spuriousness of these poems there can be as little doubt as of their great merit.

One of the most impudent forgeries attempted in the last century was that of the "*Memoirs of Cagliostro*," concocted by the Comte de Courchamps, mainly out of two novels by John Potocki, a Polish Count, published respectively in 1813 and 1814. The fraud was exposed before the work, which was published in instalments, was completed, when De Courchamps had the face to assert that Potocki's publisher had surreptitiously got possession of his manuscripts. Unluckily, however, for De Courchamps, it was shown that one of Potocki's novels had been published at St. Petersburg, under another title, as far back as 1804, and this mean double fraud was triumphantly exposed. Perhaps the most mysterious forgery of modern times was that attributed by many to Payne Collier, the eminent Shakespearean scholar. In a *Third Folio of Shakespeare*, which belonged to him,

The Nation.

and had belonged to him for many years, he announced that he had discovered an enormous number of emendations—roughly, they amounted to about 20,000—in a handwriting of the seventeenth century. That a large proportion of these were forged, there can be no doubt, ink, pencil-marks, and other peculiarities, showing this conclusively. The labor involved in such a work is obvious, and what motive could have prompted the forger, if the forger was Collier, to assign to a phantom the credit of emendations, many of which place the corrector in the first rank of conjectural critics? As, however, there can be no doubt that on other occasions he forged and faked many documents, it is probable that he was the culprit.

Here I must break off; but one word let me add—for it is to the credit of a great scholar—to Mr. Farrer's interesting account of the *Simonides* forgeries. That arch-impostor had brought some of his manuscripts—which I do not know, to "Bodley" Cox. "And what date," said the expectant huckster, who had just taken in Sir Frederick Madden, "should you assign to this?" placing a manuscript before him. Cox, after scrutinizing it for a few minutes, curtly replied, "About the middle of the nineteenth century. Pack up and begone, sir!"

It is to be hoped that Mr. Farrer's pleasantly written and scholarly volume will be followed by another of equal interest, for material is indeed ample.

J. Churton Collins.

THE SPEED OF TRAVEL.

It is always a convenience to be able to mark an epoch in some distinctive way, to tick it off decisively before putting it away in the pigeon-holes of memory. If an epoch can be expressed by a good round number, so much the better, because so much the easier to remember. Even in the most familiar subjects—in thinking of our own epoch, for example—it is useful, as it were, to take stock occasionally. What is a more familiar feature in our own time than that complement and counterpart of industrialism, the continuous acceleration of the means of transport? Yet no intelligent person, who exclaims once a week at his breakfast-table that ships are becoming very large and the world very small, need be ashamed at not being able to say exactly what increase of speed along the great routes of the world has been achieved in a generation. Many of us marked an epoch for ourselves when Jules Verne wrote "Round the World in Eighty Days." Perhaps it was not possible then to go round in eighty days; the book would have been less exciting to children if it had been possible. But at all events it was nearly possible, and many of us marked down the epoch. Eighty days seemed to convey to us in more or less intelligible terms the size of the world. How many people could say offhand to-day, however, to what those eighty days have been reduced? A writer in the *Daily Mail*, Mr. F. A. McKenzie, tells us that the journey can now be done in forty days, and that in comfortable trains and ships, not by the desperate expedients of Jules Verne. Possibly we ought to have known all about this, but, frankly, it had not occurred to us to think of it. Now that it has been

brought to our notice, we recognize its significance. "Forty days" marks an epoch.

We do not recommend rushing round the world in forty days. Yet it is interesting to know that it can be done, and in the case of a busy man who cannot possibly get away for more than six weeks there is something to be said for it. The swift panoramic view is often a wonderfully impressive and vivifying one. It teaches no details, but it leaves a broad and sure impression upon which memory works afterwards, as the etcher works upon his plate. To the newspaper-reader distant parts of the earth can be little more than names, and the chief actors upon those stages little more than shadows, till he has seen them. Let him once see them, if only for a few hours, and the picture rises before his vision every time he reads of them for the rest of his life. He fits the facts into the frame. They are radiant with color. He has perhaps spent a morning in Washington, and when he reads of a difference of opinion between Mr. Roosevelt and the Senate he sees the Senators thronging in excitement about the Capitol, and the coming and going of officials at White House. He may only have stayed a few hours at Colombo, but when he reads of the bursting of the monsoon he knows what it means to agricultural India; he sees again the trailing black clouds, and the mist and the waves scattered in towering spray as they strike the breakwater. He may only have driven rapidly round Melbourne and Sydney, but he cannot read of Mr. Deakin or Mr. Reid without putting him in his true setting and finding that he has a new interest for him, or without beholding in his

mind's eye Melbourne formal and rectangular, and Sydney, crooked and winding, perched on the shore above her majestic harbor. He may have spent as short a time in Cape Town, but he will always keep the memory of Table Mountain lifted like an altar to the gods under the sky, and he will have learned an instant lesson of geological formation. He may never have left the train for thirteen days when travelling from Moscow to Vladivostok, but he will have had an epitome of racial differences and agricultural pursuits presented to him in the peasants who thronged the stations where the train stopped. The head-long "looping" of the world, then, need not be laughed out of countenance. It is only quite ridiculous in the Pagetts who claim special knowledge acquired by cursory examination. No one who has merely rushed, however, has developed any of the virtues of travel; his motives were not exploratory; he should almost refrain from speaking of his experiences; he has simply allowed himself to be conveyed round so that he might have a map always in his head, a bird's-eye view of the world for his guidance and inspiration. At most, in the words of "Locksley Hall," he "saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be." To say even as much as this is, we know, a very un-Ruskinian sentiment. "Your railroad," said Ruskin, "when you come to understand it, is only a device for making the world smaller." And again: "Going by railroad I do not consider as travelling at all . . . It is very little different from becoming a parcel." Ruskin did not try to perceive the romance of machinery. He said it was an absurd mixture of motives to attempt to decorate such an abominable necessity as a railway station. He did not ask himself why a railway bridge (say a set of over twenty spans sweeping

across a valley) should not be made as noble as a Roman aqueduct, like that, for instance, which tourists hasten to see at Segovia. Mr. Rudyard Kipling in this sense has been a truer prophet to his own age.

But how is the forty days' journey done? We are told that the tickets cost only about £65 second-class, and £123 first-class. The journey is reckoned in this way: London to Moscow, two and a half days; Moscow to Vladivostok, thirteen days; Vladivostok to Yokohama, two days; Yokohama to London *via* Vancouver, twenty-one and a half days; connections, one day. The Russians understand the art of comfortable railway travelling; their carriages and buffets are models. Every long-distance traveller will confirm Mr. McKenzie's statement that a week or so in a train is not wearisome. This is a curious fact, as in England most of us find a few hours in a train terribly tedious. The explanation must be wholly psychological. In England we made up our minds a little prematurely that space had been annihilated by modern invention, and when we are faced with the need, which somehow perversely lingers on, of spending seven or eight hours in a train between London and Edinburgh, we are provoked to the point of resentment. An unscheduled delay of ten minutes for no explained reason figures in our minds as something like a monstrous attack upon the liberty of the subject. Really we enter upon an English journey in the wrong frame of mind. For a journey of several days the frame of mind is quite different; unconsciously we assure ourselves that it would be ridiculous to be in a hurry; the long-distance train is a kind of travelling hotel, and we do not demand great speed of it; the journey is a rest-cure. Meals break in upon the day; one can sit outside on a platform, and fancy one-

self on a verandah; and it is a common experience to feel that the journey has ended too soon because one has not finished one's pile of books. But probably one would read hardly at all in the journey across Siberia. Here you can see at every wayside station, in every tract of territory, the method by which Russia hopes to carve or recarve her Imperial fortune in the East. This eastward march is a renunciation even while it is an aspiration; it is a renunciation of the wise old policy which planned a moderating, civilizing, and exclusive contact with Western Europe. Beyond Kharbin comes another change. The traveller can see Japan experimenting with her new manner and means of colonization. We fancy the forty

The Spectator.

days' scheme would break down for a heavy percentage of travellers when it came to spending only one day in Japan. From Yokohama you would go in a Canadian Pacific Railway liner to Vancouver, then to Quebec by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and so from Quebec to England. Such is the forty days' journey. The title of globe-trotter is scarcely applicable to this delirious gallop. Taken in the right spirit, it might have the uses we have attributed to it. For ourselves, we should probably choose a much shorter journey, and "specialize" in our acquisition for knowledge. Still, forty days is a good round number, easy to remember and distinctly epoch-marking, and we are glad to have heard of it.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

The most recent report issued from the United States Bureau of Education at Washington gives detailed information respecting recent developments of the various grades of education in the States down to June 30, 1904, and in it the Commissioner of Education gives a prominent place to the work of universities and colleges. The statistics now provided make it possible to supplement the article published in these columns (vol. lxviii., p. 25) dealing with university education in the United States, and to give some indication of the progress which has been made in American institutions of higher education during recent years.

There has been, in the first place, a large increase in the number of students attending universities and colleges in the United States. Whereas in the year 1899-1900 the total number of men students was, roughly, 61,800, and of women students 25,300, the

numbers in 1903-4 had become, for men, nearly 72,000, and for women nearly 31,000.

The number of professors and instructors has increased in a similar manner. In 1899-1900 the number of such teachers in institutions for men and for both sexes was 12,664 men and 1816 women; in 1903-4 these numbers had become 15,342 men and 2272 women. In institutions for women alone the increase is not so decided. The number of men teaching in these institutions was in the former year 697, and in 1903-4 only 631. The number of women, however, shows a marked increase from 1744 to 1834.

It is interesting and instructive, too, to study the rise and fall in the popularity of the various subjects taken up by students. At the two periods under comparison there were some remarkable differences. In 1899-1900 the number of students studying

classics and other subjects of general culture (as the report calls it) was roughly 57,000, but in 1903-4 the number had reached 65,000. In the earlier year the number of students in classes of pure or applied science was well on towards 26,000; in 1903-4 this number had increased to 32,000. The relative popularities of humanistic and practical studies may be said to have undergone little change at institutions of the rank under consideration. But in this connection it must be remembered that at the great technological institutions, which are not included in these statistics, large numbers of men are engaged entirely in studying branches of applied science.

The total value of property possessed by the institutions for higher education in the United States amounted in 1899-1900 to about 72,120,000*l.*, and in 1903-4 this large sum had increased to 93,043,000*l.* The endowment funds in the former year were valued at 33,240,000*l.*, while in the latter year this provision for future contingencies had grown to 41,313,000*l.*

The value of gifts and bequests received by institutions for higher education during 1899-1900 was 2,399,000*l.*; in 1903-4 the amount had increased to 2,740,000*l.*; and last year as much as 5,000,000*l.* was raised in this way. Twenty-five institutions in the former year received from private donors gifts of as much as 20,000*l.*; and in 1903-4 as many as twenty-nine institutions were equally fortunate.

For the first of the years with which we are concerned in this comparison, the total income, excluding benefactions, amounted to 5,712,000*l.*, of which about 2,234,000*l.* was received in the form of tuition and other fees. In 1903-4 the total income had reached 8,066,000*l.* In connection with this sum, the Commissioner for Education remarks:—"It is a well-known fact

that the income derived from fees received from students forms only about one-third of the total income, the remainder necessary to meet the expenses of the institutions being derived from endowment funds, State aid, and miscellaneous sources."

In 1903-4 the State and municipal aid to higher education amounted to 1,984,600*l.*, as compared with 893,000*l.* in 1899-1900.

It is thus seen that the striking disparity between public and private efforts in behalf of higher education in the United States and Great Britain, pointed out in the article to which reference has already been made, has, in the interval of four years with which we are here dealing, become more accentuated; and, instead of having made up leeway, we appear to have fallen even further behind.

The annual amount raised by private munificence for American universities and colleges has in a few years been doubled; and, as recent notes in these columns have shown, there is no sign of any decline in the generosity of the men of wealth in the States. The amount of money raised in this way in the United Kingdom during the period 1871-1901 was only one-eighth of that contributed in the United States in the same time; and if the present scale of American gifts be continued, the comparison at the end of 1931 will be such as to leave us at a still more hopeless disadvantage.

All the statistics here brought together tell the same story; alike as regards number of students, number of university teachers, total value of university property and total annual income, from whatever point of view looked at, there is evidence of a strong and healthy growth in the system of higher education in the United States; and, though it can by no means be suggested that similar work in this country has remained stagnant, the

most optimistic student of British affairs will hardly maintain that our universities and colleges can show progress and development at all commensurate with that the report of the Commissioner of Education reveals as true of the United States. It is clear that patriotic men of science among us cannot afford to relax their efforts to increase the efficiency of our universities and colleges, and to sup-

Nature.

plement their number. Students of science do not need to be reminded of the intimate connection between cause and effect, but it behooves them to take every opportunity to convince statesmen and the public that industrial supremacy is, in the long run, one of the effects of an adequately equipped and generously endowed system of higher education.

A. T. S.

BRITANNIÆ OMNES.

I.

When Britain rose from out the azure main
With guardian flood her happy coasts that laves,
She loosed the soul enthralled by error's chain,
She smote the shackles from the hands of slaves
And spake unto the nations: "He who saves
His selfish life shall lose it. They who cast
The bread of liberty beside all waves
Shall surely reap a thousandfold at last."
She cried: "Go forth, my children, fill the vast
Unpeopled continents of north and south
'Neath freedom's banner streaming down the blast.
Its praise re-echoing from each patriot mouth
Prophetic of an empire of the free.
For Britain's boast shall still be liberty."

II.

Throned in the West our Lady of the Snow
Welcomes the advent of these tolling bands,
The island mother's teeming overflow,
Who sow with smiling farms her prairie lands.
Fain would each settler wield a hundred hands
To win the golden harvest for his store,
Where Nature far surpassing all demands
Of greed, to those who covet most, gives more.
Still therefore, mother, still thy myriads pour
Eager yet sad, thou art so dear to them,
From the three kingdoms to thy daughter's shore,
Whose brow is crowned with tenfold diadem.
Rose, thistle, shamrock, ne'er from you they'll sever!
Your posy's twined with maple leaf for ever.

III.

The Southern Cross with favor contemplates
Sons of its house whose fathers dwelt afar,
The constellation of six sister-states,
And yet another, still a single star,

Whose destiny no envious fate shall mar
 Or quench the light of their imperial flame,
 Full-orbed, rolled onward in immortal car,
 But yearning toward the sun from whence they came,
 Inheritors of Britain's lofty name.
 The pride of self is nobler in the thought
 Of high-born parentage whose worth and fame
 Are priceless treasure neither sold nor bought.
 Be proud, Australia, knowing well that she,
 The heart that bare thee, is as proud of thee:

IV.

Peace cancels hate and freedom foes disarm,
 Where now amid the peaceful and the free
 Is need of swords and trumps and war's alarms
 And guns with horse and chariot? Time shall be
 When from the page of Afric's history
 Rancor shall pass as mountain snows that melt
 In springtime; fruit of friendly rivalry
 Plenty shall crown the illimitable veld
 And all the bloodless swords at wrong be dealt
 For justice. War of race, an idle name,
 Shall be like feuds of Saxon and of Kelt,
 A dream forgotten and a schoolboys' game.
 Still Boer and Briton, fated to remain
 Unvanquished, shall their equal league maintain.

V.

Among earth's mighty ones the mightiest
 Masters his fellows with a gentle sway,
 And he who would command all others best
 Let him the law of government obey,
 Which saith that who would rule must serve alway
 The voice of Nature and the weal of man.
 And thou, O Empire of our later day,
 Those thy distinctive lineaments who scan
 Note no divergence from the primal plan
 Coëval with the dawn of Paradise.
 A mother queen, as only mothers can,
 Acclaims the queen in every daughter's eyes
 And bids each royal sister share her throne.
 The queen of freedom could not reign alone.

The Saturday Review.

H. W. Junt.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

There seems to be a certain kinship between Marryatt and Herman Melville, and lovers of stirring sea tales will be glad that Melville's "Moby Dick" and "Typee" appear in Everyman's Library as companions to Marryatt's "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "Little Savage" and "Masterman Ready."

One of the books of note about to appear will be Mr. T. E. Kebbell's recollections, Lord Beaconsfield and other Tory Memories, which Messrs. Cassell are issuing. The contents will be of a miscellaneous interest, including reminiscences of editors and literary men, sportsmen and agriculturists, and some

chapters giving a picture of rural life sixty years ago.

The London Outlook is of the opinion that "in the two respects of screaming vulgarity of mind and what can only be called drunkenness of imagination, Mr. Lawson's 'Friday the 13th' is probably the most remarkable novel that was ever offered to the public above the level of those who read the Police News."

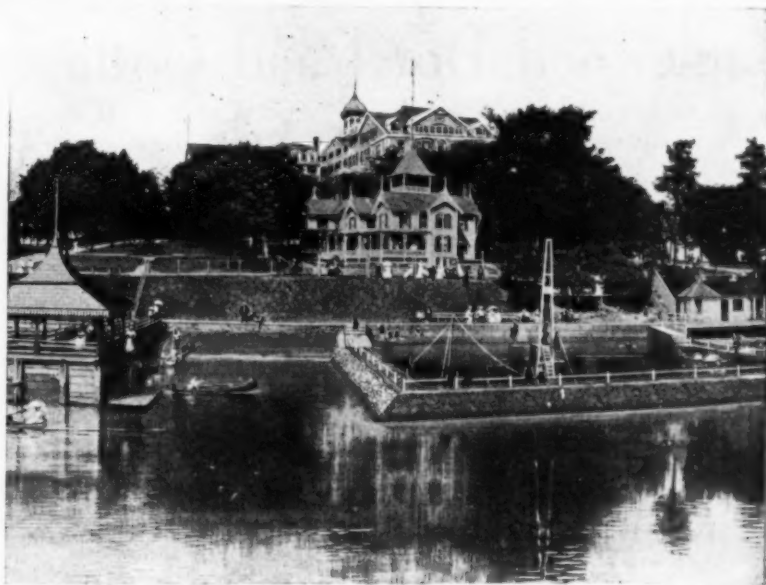
The Longmans are about to publish Mr. G. Macaulay Trevelyan's book on "Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic." It is a history of the political and military events in 1849 which caused the final breach between the Papacy and the Italian national aspirations, and raised Garibaldi to the zenith of his popularity. It contains a full account of the siege of Rome by the French, and of Garibaldi's retreat.

For young readers the latest group of books in Everyman's Library provides two delightful volumes: Mrs. Gatty's "Parables from Nature"; and "Fairy Gold," a book of old English fairy tales compiled from many sources in prose and verse by Ernest Rhys, who is the general editor of the series. Robin Goodfellow, Tom Thumb, Fortunatus, Chicken-Little and other old favorites are to be found here, in company with many others not so familiar but not less diverting.

In the preface to his new story, "Frank Brown, Sea Apprentice," Frank T. Bullen vouches for the accuracy of all the incidents, though the hero—the fourteen-year-old son of an English counting-house clerk—is of course fictitious. The boy's apprenticeship begins on a barque bound for the South Sea Islands, his second voy-

age takes him to Hong Kong, and his third to Calcutta. Besides an abundance of realistic detail relating to the routine of a sailor's life, there is a succession of stirring incidents, including a fire in the hold, an East Indian cyclone, a collision and the overhauling of a derelict. In spite of Mr. Bullen's well-known enthusiasm for the sea and his belief in its possibilities for the development of a robust and manly character, he describes the hardships of the life with candor and his book is a thoroughly wholesome one to put into a boy's hands. There is no question about the boy's enjoying it. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The "Three Phi Beta Kappa Addresses" which give the title and furnish most of the material for a small volume by Charles Francis Adams were given in the years 1883, 1902 and 1906; and the first and third of them,— "A College Fetish" and "Some Modern College Tendencies" have a certain relation to each other in theme, though widely separated in time. The "fetich" dwelt upon in the first is an excessive devotion to the classics and especially to Greek. Concerning this it is to be remarked that Greek, at least, is not the fetich that it was. The modern college tendencies which Mr. Adams describes and criticises are the great increase in the number of students at the universities, and the extension of the elective system. Regarding these he speaks with force and candor. With these three addresses are included several shorter papers which are the fruit of Mr. Adams's long identification with the interests of Harvard, as student, alumnus and overseer,—extending over a period of more than fifty years. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



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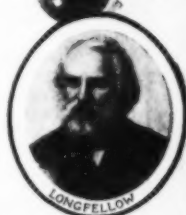
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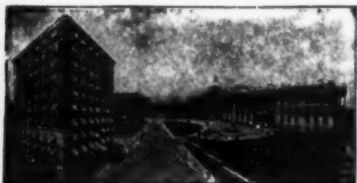
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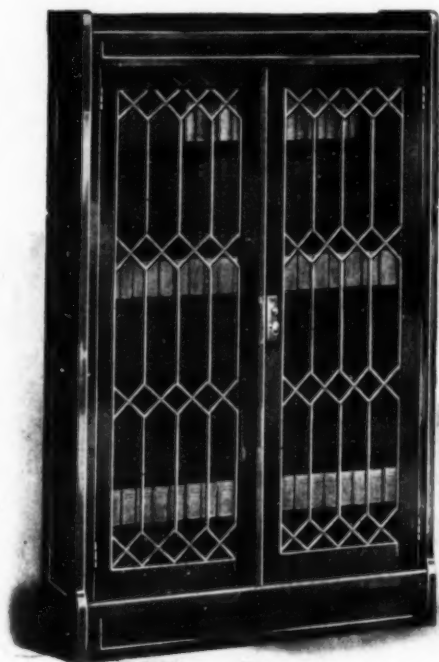
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